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JANUARY, 1881.

NEVER A NEW YEAR morning dawned upon any people more happily than on the American people, this first day of the year, 1881. Never could any people shout the Happy New Year more honestly and heartily. Not a cloud to darken the skies, or cast one moment of gloom. We have been blessed with magnificent crops all over our broad land, until we have enough and to spare. Our fields have been burthened with golden grain, and our barns are bursting with fatness, for which good markets are anxiously waiting. Orchards and gardens and vineyards have borne their rich fruits in unwonted abundance, after supplying all our needs, leaving a large surplus for exportation in their natural state or canned and dried, for which the people of other countries are looking and waiting with well filled purses. Labor, too, is abundant, and few skilled or industrious people seek in vain for employment that will support themselves comfortably and in a manner that in many countries would be called luxurious.

The dark cloud which we called hard times, that hung over the horizon of our prosperity so long, was not without a silver lining. It induced many who were engaged in commerce and speculation, to seek homes and a livelihood in the country, mostly on our rich western lands, and thus tens of thousands who had been living on the industry of others, became producers, gaining for themselves health and comfort, while adding largely to the prosperity and wealth of the country. Fields are now producing their annual crops of corn and wheat, orchards are budding and blooming, pleasant

homes are dotted over tens of thousands of acres, which but for the hard times, of which we complained so much, would have been the unbroken prairie or the forest wild.

With so much prosperity we have reason for great thankfulness, but these are only a small portion of our blessings. We are enjoying peace as well as prosperity—at peace with all the world and happily with ourselves. We dread no tyrant, and fear no agrarian or communistic tumult. No large standing army or navy is needed to protect us from foreign aggression or domestic violence. Every man is a citizen—a voluntary sentinel and soldier to watch the interests of the country and defend its honor. We are annoyed by no tax-gatherer to take the cream of our earnings for purposes that we dislike. Our taxes are such as we have voluntarily imposed upon ourselves to sustain the government in an economical yet respectable manner. Such a government rests upon the intelligence and virtue of its people. With an ignorant vicious people freedom would become anarchy. While we are assailed by those who leave their country for their country's good, from almost every clime in the world, we have yet been enabled to maintain the purity of our institutions, and shall continue to do so even in spite of political demagogues. While we have reason to rejoice at the blessings we enjoy, let us not flatter ourselves that we possess all of good, for in the laws and customs of nearly all civilized nations there is some good, something that we can admire and should imitate. To all and every one we wish a happy and prosperous year.

LANDSCAPE GARDENING.



VIEW IN ST. JAMES PARK, LONDON.

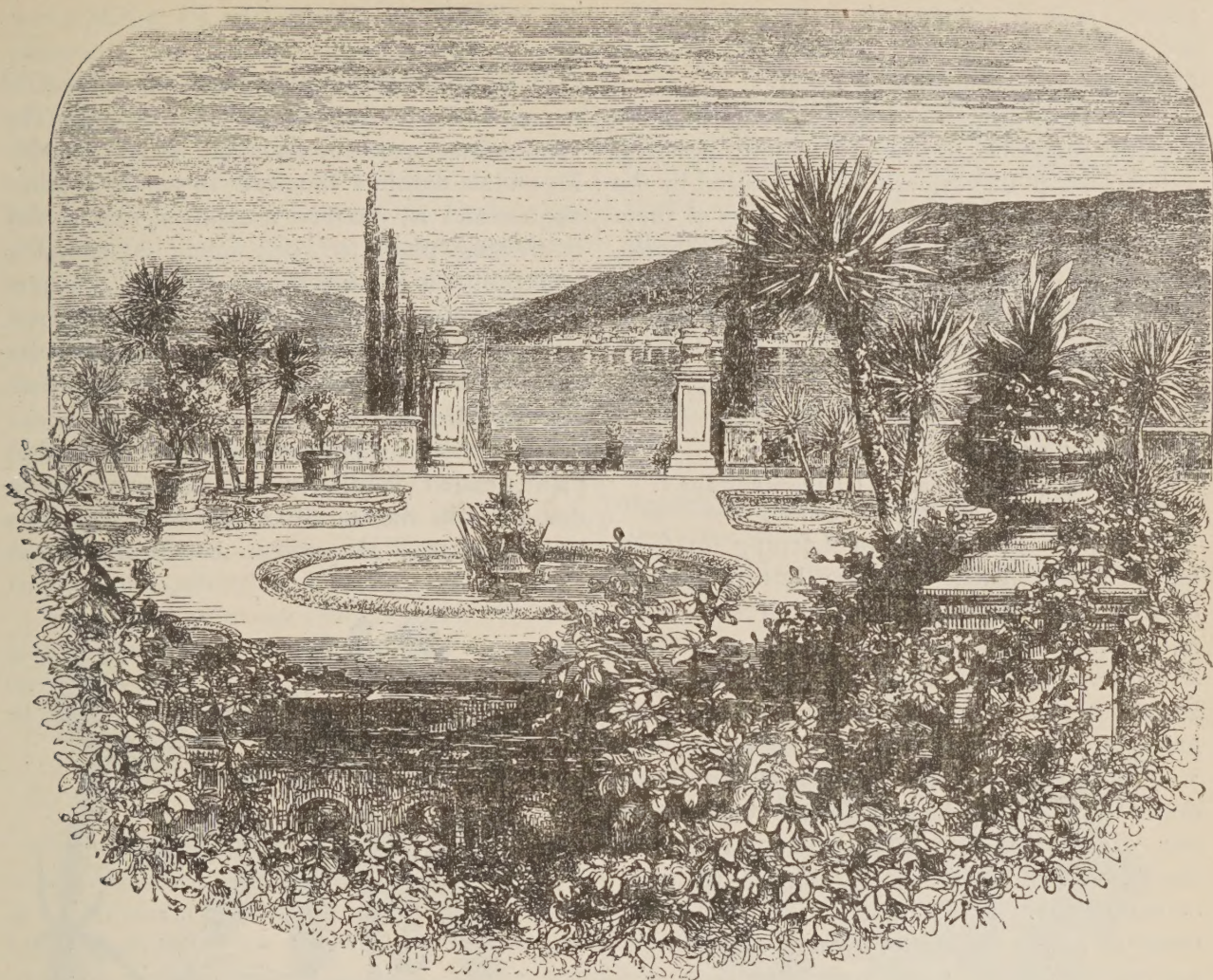
What is called the modern or natural style of landscape gardening had its origin in England at the commencement of the eighteenth century. Previously to this time the style of ornamental gardening in Great Britain was similar to that of the other nations of Europe, which, in contradistinction to the natural, is termed the artificial style. The credit for the new method has been assigned to various persons and causes, but no doubt a variety of circumstances combined at the date already mentioned that naturally led to the establishment of those principles of correct taste, the embodiment and perfection of which have resulted in the practice of garden art as now exemplified in many places of large extent in Europe and in this country. Some writers have, with much plausibility, accredited to MILTON the first ideas upon this subject, and it is certainly an indication of his genius that he could so easily divest himself of the model gardens of his time and describe so felicitously the most charming natural scenery. The Garden of Paradise he pictures as

A happy rural seat of various view;
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balms;
Others whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,
Hung amiable Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste:
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed;
Or palmy hillock, or the flowery lap

Of some irriguous valley, spread her store,
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth the purple grape, and gently
Creeps luxuriant; meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.

But it would be impossible here to quote all of the passages similarly truthful to nature, for Paradise Lost abounds with them.

Some have thought that the author of Thompson's Seasons should be considered the usher of the new style of gardening through the influence of his charming writings of rural scenes and life. On the other hand, what is thus claimed for MILTON and THOMPSON has been disputed by those who would propose the Roman writer TACITUS, who says of emperor NERO: "Moreover, NERO turned the ruins of his country to his private advantage, and built a house, the ornaments of which were, not miracles of gems and gold, now usual in vulgar luxuries, but lawns and lakes, and after the manner of a desert; here groves, and there open spaces and prospects; the masters and centurions being SENERUS and CELER, whose genius and boldness could attempt by art what nature had denied, and deceive with princely force."



A GARDEN IN LAKE MAGGIORE.

The leading thought of modern landscape gardening is here clearly and forcibly stated, but as it is evident that the writings of TACITUS could not have been a power to the eighteenth century to cause men to root up their gardens and grounds and remodel them, we learn only how idle it is to attempt to establish the first conception of an idea. If the truth could be known, we should probably perceive that the beauty of the rural scenery of England had for generations impressed itself upon the minds of all those that were susceptible of it; the large royal estates and those of the barons and nobles had gradually assumed, by clearing and cultivation, features of great beauty that were tempting to painter as well as poet.

The incongruity of straight lines and geometrical figures with the pleasing curves everywhere noticed in nature had been to some extent perceived. At this time, too, it had become known, through travelers to the east, that the Chinese modeled their gardens after nature; at least, theirs was considered a natural style, although it was more like child's play than the product of a mature and disciplined mind; still, the attempt to imitate nature, when regulated by the thoughtful and cultivated minds

of the English of the period of which we are writing, produced the splendid results that were then attained.

The natural style of gardening that thus had its rise in England, soon found favor with the French, and has gradually become prevalent in all other European countries. Many examples of the old style still remain in greater or less perfection, and one of which, on one of the islands in Lake Maggiore, lying between Italy and Switzerland, is here represented. Vases, urns, statuary, and various architectural structures, were prominent features. Walks and beds were made with much precision in geometrical forms, and hedges and trees were clipped into harsh outline or fantastic figures. The scene in the foreground of this Italian garden has a touch of beauty as if nature had there, through negligence for awhile, been left to display her grace, and it affords something of relief from the general impression.

The view here given in St. James Park, London, is of a very different kind, and no admirer of nature would hesitate to ascribe to it far greater merit as a pleasing work of art. What is meant as the natural style of landscape gardening is here made evident much more

forcibly than is possible by words; and, again, we see how, on a very limited area, can be brought out many points of beauty.

To a large proportion of our readers these remarks may be deemed of slight practical value, and, if they should be measured by the size of their estates or those portions of them that can be devoted to ornamental purposes, they may, possibly, be properly so considered; but if anything we may say shall be the means of enabling one better to perceive and enjoy the beautiful, it will prove a blessing, even though he may not have a legal possession of the object he admires.

"Cleon, true, possesseth acres, but the landscape I.

Half the charms to me it yieldeth money cannot buy."

Now that the practice of keeping up front and division fences between lots is passing away in our villages and the suburbs of cities, an excellent opportunity is presented to produce fine effects of lawn, trees and shrubbery on a limited scale, by proper planting on the front grounds. The best results can be expected only when a space covering from a half dozen to a dozen or score of lots is under the supervision and direction of one competent person, who shall advise in relation to the proper treatment of each place. In this case there must be harmony of action among lot-owners, and individual preferences and tastes must be foregone and submitted to the beauty of the whole. This method of planting a number of places for a general effect, does not necessarily preclude a handsome appearance of each place in an individual aspect. We submit these thoughts, and trust that some of our enterprising and tasteful amateur horticulturists may give them a practical embodiment. Although the artificial or geometrical style of gardening has passed away, a trace of it is still to be seen in some of the best grounds, when a small space is devoted to flower beds made in exact patterns, either cut in the grass or bordered with some low edging plants, with gravel walks between. On a large place a little of such work is pleasant from contrast. An area of geometrical beds should be not far from the dwelling, and must be kept with great care and precision, for, if not, it becomes an inexcusable offence to good taste. No one should attempt anything of this kind unless prepared to meet all the expense its maintenance demands. Another feature of the old style, that of statuary, is yet employed to a limited extent, but it requires rare good sense and taste to properly place such objects even when the conditions are most favorable; most often where we find them, they indicate a desire for display rather than a fine sense of the beautiful.

THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

Quite a number of plants possess a habit of movement, as if shrinking, when touched. The *Mimosas* are particularly noted in this respect. *M. pudica* exhibits the trait in a very marked degree and is, on this account, a remarkably interesting plant to every one. A complete and fully satisfactory theory for this apparent sensitiveness, we believe, is not yet established, although the peculiarity has been much investigated and is of unusual interest to scientists. All the *Mimosas* have the sensitive habit.

On our western prairies there grows a shrubby plant, called familiarly the Sensitive Rose, that exhibits the sensitive habit, though in a less degree than *M. pudica*. It is a plant much



MIMOSA PUDICA.

admired as it is found growing wild, and our prairie friends praise it highly. Its correct name is *Schrankia uncinata*; it belongs to the Pea or Pulse family or order, as also does the *Mimosa*. The common Sensitive Plant, *M. pudica*, is a tender annual. Seed should be sown early in the house or hot-bed in small pots, and the plants carefully grown until the weather is warm enough to trust them out in the open border, where they will do well through the summer. The plants are especially entertaining to children, and scarcely less so to the thoughtful older ones. The least touch of their leaves by rough handling, or even by insects, causes them to fold together and to droop; some time after the irritating cause ceases the leaves again become erect; even the water falling on the leaves when sprinkling them causes them to droop, consequently, a little care in this respect is necessary when one desires them to appear in proper condition. These plants adapt themselves to any ordinary good light soil. If wanted to remove to the house in the fall, it is

better during the summer to keep them in pots plunged to the rim in the soil of the garden. The leaf of *M. pudica* is compound, being bipinnate; each of the four pinnæ is composed of thirty or more pairs of linear leaflets, that measure about a quarter of an inch in length. When the plant is disturbed the leaflets first close, beginning at the tip and running downwards to the base, then the pinnæ close together, and, lastly, the petiole droops. Although only one branch or portion of a plant may be touched, the irritation is perceived apparently by the whole plant, and is manifested throughout every part. The little flowers of this plant are mostly either staminate or pistillate, a few only being perfect; in the staminate flowers the pistils do not develop, and in the pistillate flowers the stamens are undeveloped.

We would say to our readers that if you wish to please the children and surprise and entertain your friends, raise a few plants of the *Mimosa*.

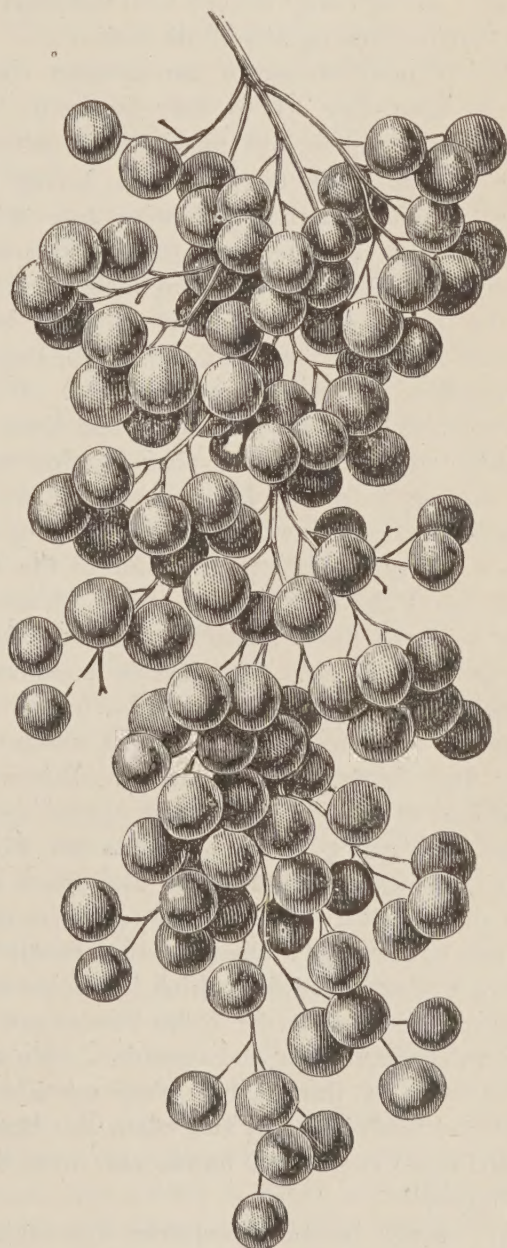
BEAUTIFUL PLANTS.

Our world is said to be very small, compared with other worlds, yet it is so large that no one will ever travel over its whole surface, for life is too short, and but few will see its greatest wonders, mountains and valleys, guysers and glaciers, and strange vegetable productions, while buried beneath our feet there are doubtless riches greater than ever discovered or conceived of by man. The light of the world, Petroleum, was hidden for long centuries in the bosom of Mother Earth, and who can tell the riches there stored to be revealed in good time for the needs of her children. In what appears but a very few years we have witnessed the introduction of perhaps more than half the best flowers and flowering shrubs now common in our gardens, such as Phlox, Petunia, Weigela, Forsythia, etc., and the improvement of nearly all the rest; the Aster and Zinnia for instance, from poor single flowers, to objects of real beauty, as large and beautiful almost as Peonies and Dahlias.

During the fifty years last passed travelers have searched the world for new plants, and some have fallen victims to their zeal, but the world has reaped the benefit. Once, while in the mountains of California, we passed a little tent that we thought might belong to one of the prospectors for gold, but something about the surroundings aroused our curiosity and we looked in, and saw not a miner gloating over his bags of dust, but a botanical collector carefully preserving some of the wild weeds of the country, which had been gathered regardless of

toil and fatigue, and the leads, and pockets, and placers, and nuggets of gold for which thousands were searching and a few finding. All honor to those who have thus in the interests of science and beauty traveled over mountain and valley, forded rivers, braved storms and frosts and snows and burning sandy deserts to gather up and transfer to our little gardens the beauties of the whole world. All, however, we cannot have, for some flourish only under tropical skies, and pine and perish in a temperate climate, while others seem strangely to make their home in the snow capped mountains, and refuse to live in the valleys or on the plains. An occasional description of these strange plants that the majority of our readers may never possess and some never see, we thought would be interesting to all and especially so to the young.

PEPPER TREE.



Among the many pretty objects to be seen in California is a small tree or shrub called the Pepper Tree. In the northern cities of the

Pacific coast we first observed it on the lawns, grown as shrubs, and also forming very nice screens and hedges. Further south it grows larger and is in more common use for shade and ornament, and also as protection against winds. The leaves are of a bright green, the branches slender and drooping, and bearing great numbers of clusters of pink berries, of the size and appearance of bunches of currants. These have the flavor and pungency of pepper, and the leaves possess this peculiarity to some extent. The botanical name of the Pepper Tree we believe is *Schinus molle*, and it is a native of Mexico and Central America.

A few days since we received from a lady of Riverside, San Bernardino Co., California, a box of the beautiful berries, from which we made the accompanying engraving, and really we know of nothing prettier for Christmas decoration. To this lady we are also indebted for the following description of the tree:

"The Pepper is one of the favorite shade trees in this valley. It is very hardy in this climate and will live and grow almost without water, except what falls in rain during the winter months, but grows very fast when allowed plenty of water and good cultivation; so fast indeed that an orchardist desiring a Pepper row to border his orange orchard, buys seed and raises the trees himself. The Pepper is evergreen, and a very graceful tree. It has a less mournful, more dancing grace than the weeping willow, and is a finer looking tree. The foliage is glossy light-green, much the shade of the eastern Oak leaves when they are new; a pretty contrast to the blue of the Eucalyptus and the dark green of the Monterey Cypress; these three being the favorite shade trees in this colony. The leaf is compound, somewhat like that of the Locust, but longer and narrower; and the leaflets are also much narrower than leaflets of the Locust. When the tree is four or five years old there appear green berries (duly preceded by the blossoms which are in appearance unattractive and much like those of the Elderberry.) They grow in clusters, and as they ripen change color, finally becoming a beautiful pink; which last color will, however, fade into white if the berries are exposed to alternate rain and sunshine. No dust ever settles on the leaves; they are always bright and fresh looking, and when the berries are ripe there can be few handsomer trees than the Pepper."

The berries become perfectly dry without shriveling in the heat, and retain their color for a great length of time, though requiring to be handled with care, for the handsome covering of the seed is thin and dry, and easily crushed.

SNOW PLANT.

A very curious and beautiful object is the Snow Plant of the Sierras. It stands alone, for there is but one species and we are not aware of any known varieties. It loves the mountains, and we believe is never found at a less elevation than four thousand feet above the sea, where it drinks the cool water from the melting snow. We first saw this interesting plant one very fine morning in the neighborhood of the Calaveras Grove of Big Trees, and hastily left the carriage, which was winding its way slowly up the mountain, to capture what was to us a treasure indeed. Snow still lingered in the shady places and dells, and among these were several fine plants, one of which we gathered. It was icy cold, and as it became warm the beautiful red assumed a darker hue until finally it became purple.

The Snow Plant, *Sarcodes sanguinea*, is a parasite that grows on the roots of trees, usually those of Pine, and three to five inches below the surface of the ground. The whole plant is succulent, and all above the soil, leaf, stem and flower, is of crimson or blood red color, while the portion not exposed to the light, as shown by the ground line of the little engraving, is of a pale pink. The usual height of the plant is from ten to fifteen inches, but we have heard of much larger specimens.

Any attempt to preserve a plant in anything like a natural condition we were satisfied would be a failure, and as the next best thing determined to secure a good painting, if possible, and in this were fortunate, for finding an artist sketching in the mountains secured his services, and a fine oil painting of this elegant mountain plant, of which we have never seen even a wood-cut representation, except the little one we publish with this, and no color plate has before been given to the world that we can learn. We have taken great pains to have a correct likeness made, and with tolerable success. Our page was not large enough to show a medium sized plant, but specimens are not uncommon of the size of our colored plate. Some attempts have been made to carry the Snow Plant east in ice and snow, but with not very marked success. A few years since a gentleman of San Francisco grew plants from seed.





JOHN CHINAMAN IN AUSTRALIA.

Seeing a very interesting paper in a late number, about "John Chinaman's Gardening," it has occurred to me that it might be well to give an idea how "John" does it this side the globe. With us John has neither literally nor figuratively got into "hot water," as he has with you on the big continent; he has not yet opened out as a "dobhee wallah," or washer-man, with us, but confines himself to what is termed "fossicking," *i. e.* scratching and rewashing old gold workings. Some Chinamen here vary their labors by a little henroost robbery and machine plate scraping. The machine plate is mercurialised copper plate which holds a quantity of gold in amalgam. Some few take to peddling tea and Chinese notions, but the bulk, who are not mining, go for gardening and hawking vegetables. They get hold of a piece of land within a distance, perhaps of twenty miles of a center of population; some dozen or so live within the radius of this city, (Sandhurst).

On their land they work with a will "from morn till dewy eve," cultivating and watering their little crops, and by earnest attention manage to produce a large quantity of kitchen stuff. Their method is remarkable; they lay up their ground in little beds about twenty feet, by three feet in width, leaving a tiny six inch patch between them, and the day through may be seen John, with two gigantic watering pots slung in orthodox fashion on a bamboo stick, going to and from a water-hole, and deluging his crops. Early in the morning he packs two baskets, a fair load for two mules, and off he trots with his slinging load from house to house, selling his "Cabbagee" and other articles, generally managing to secure a regular "walk" or clientele, and without the much abused "John" we should be but imperfectly supplied with green stuff. Those producers who live at a distance, keep a horse and cart, and, driving in by night, are ready to supply their Mongolian confreres who peddle from house to house. Some of them have

started the cultivation of tobacco, and, with their care in husbanding and drying it, are producing a very respectable leaf. Most of this finds its way to Melbourne, and is there worked up and, no doubt, much of it is sold as "Two Seas," "Barrett's Twist," and other popular brands.

There is a considerable amount of prejudice against our long queued friend. He is, I regret to say, evilly treated by the boys, spoken of disparagingly by the women, and accused of any and every criminal act that occurs in the locality; still, he endures much, and with stolid face, and a load that would crush an ordinary porter, he staggers along, and not only lives, but, they say, saves money; but, as a carnivorous beer-swiller remarked, "he (John) could live on the smell of an oil-rag." Some few, apparently wishing to conform to European customs, have taken to themselves white wives, generally with anything but happy results; the selections have chiefly been made from our Hibernian co-colonists, and the women, having in their quasi-Asiatic homes less domestic duties than among their own people, become slatternly and give their attention to drink and dissipation. The prospect of the resultant whitey brown, almond-eyed race is hardly a pleasant contemplation for the future. The Chinese spread over the continent in nearly all the colonies, acting as cooks, shepherds, &c., but Victoria is their principal center of attraction. Generally, they are a quiet, law-abiding, industrious lot, with some few black sheep, of course, who, as they adopt our manners and customs, will lose much of their "tricks that are vain," and will make indifferently good, average citizens. 'Tis true, they are not too savory in appearance or otherwise, and they will use that demoralising opium, but in a community where a large proportion of its members wash out what little intelligence they have with beer, and poison themselves and others with the vilest of tobacco, it is hardly for us to cast the first stone.—S. W. VINEY, Sandhurst, Victoria.

A LETTER FROM ITALY.

We have lately received a letter from Genoa, Italy, written by a lady from this country who is temporarily residing there. Although persuasively implored not to "prent it," it is difficult to resist the desire to share with our readers a few extracts from it, and, risking the penalty that may be incurred by a disregard of the request, selections are given that vividly portray some pleasant glimpses of the sunny land renowned in history, song and story.

The very name, Genoa, thrills the heart of a true American, and sends the blood coursing through the veins with a quickened impulse. The first thought at its mention is that it was the birthplace of the great navigator and discoverer of the closing years of the fifteenth century, who, by his noble genius and indomitable energy and perseverance, brought to light a new world whereof we are now inhabitants. From every country of the old world people have come here to better their fortunes. Not alone with reference to material ends has been this desire of betterment and not a material gain alone has been experienced. We have a strong array of facts to support the opinion that social and political foundations are broader and stronger in the new republic than elsewhere, and we think we have a right to expect a better development of the race and of every social, manly virtue. With this idea of the future we recognize an added dignity to labor, in whatever department it may be performed, and seek to do well now that something better may follow.

Our correspondent says: "This morning I received two more bulbs of *Smilax*. I hope they will grow, so some of my acquaintances can see a perfect vine of *Smilax*." The great use made of the *Smilax*, or *Myrsiphyllum asparagoides*, in this country has brought it prominently to the notice of British and European cultivators, so that at present it is receiving in England and France something of the attention its merits entitle it to as a decorative plant. In a climate like that of Italy, where so many beautiful plants suitable for decoration are easily to be obtained, it will probably be always more or less neglected, for we must remember that this is the land of the Laurel, the Myrtle and the Bay.

"I was in Florence last spring during the season for flowers. I never saw so many beautiful ones together. The roses are magnificent. I received a bouquet of roses by express; there were 100 roses—thirty-seven distinct varieties. The smallest rose was the size of a ten cent piece, and the largest rose, pink, was seven and a half inches across, and eighteen inches in circum-

ference; it was oval. The plant from which it grew came from Venice, and was not more than two and a half feet high. The largest bud was seven and a half inches in circumference; perfectly round, white, with outside leaves tinted with green. There were black roses in clusters, green roses, and white moss roses. I speak of these because I never saw them before. When I had measured them and arranged them they looked like roses in a velvet carpet; they filled the room with their fragrance, and reminded me delightfully of the people who sent them. I copied one Tea rose bud life size, which I will inclose to you."

The painted sketch of the rose-bud received corresponds very closely in color and form to *Gloire de Dijon*. The bud is a magnificent one, measuring two inches in length and diameter. As an indication of the vigor of growth there, we will say that the drawing received of the leaf measures two and three-fourths inches across it and three inches lengthwise; certainly a remarkable rose-leaf. As to varieties of Roses, Italy can boast of none superior to those that are procurable by any of our readers; the trade commands the best in the world, but climate, soil and culture make wonderful differences.

"I send you some Mandarin seeds. They grow in vases, and look like little cherry trees, and are used to border walks. I counted over 200 in the grounds of one villa. These marble vases are not cheap even here."

The Mandarin seeds here mentioned are those of a kind of orange. These little trees in vases, standing along the walks, present a characteristic feature of Italian gardening.

"Your publication has reached me safely, and has always been a pleasant reminder of home."

Here is the old refrain of home. A gentleman, a native of England, but who, since boyhood, has resided here, spent some months last year in visiting his native place, and in traveling in different parts of the old country. Almost the first remark he made, when we saw him after his return, was, "I thank God my lot is cast in America."

ANNUALS FOR BEDDING.—Under this caption we give an article in the Foreign Department showing the difficulty our English friends have in growing to perfection such common annuals as *Portulaca*, *Balsam* and *Phlox*. It would rather make our people laugh to see Beets growing in our flower gardens as ornamental leaved plants, but then we have been in countries where the common Indian Corn was petted and potted and transplanted to the ornamental grounds, and really looked well.

THE HYACINTH BEAN.

MR. JAMES VICK :—The *Dolichos Lablab*, or Hyacinth Bean, is, without exception, one of the most useful climbers for the covering of screens, arbors and trellises, on account of the rapidity of its growth, and the ease with which it is cultivated. It is a tender annual belonging to the natural order Leguminosæ, and is a native of Egypt, from which country it was introduced in 1694. The flowers are produced from June until frost, in clustered spikes, and are of a purple color, slightly fragrant. The seed pods are almost as pretty as the flowers, as they are of a beautiful purple, shining as though they were painted or varnished.



DOLICHOS LABLAB.

The foliage of this plant is dense and somewhat resembles that of the common bean, but the flowers are, as the name indicates, much more beautiful. It seems to be well adapted to our hot dry climate, for I find, after several years' experience with the plant, that it thrives with the greatest luxuriance during our hottest and driest weather. The *Dolichos* attains a height of twenty-five to thirty feet accord-

ing to the soil and treatment, but the upward growth may be checked to a considerable extent by pinching off the tops. The seeds can be sown in the open ground where the plants are to stand, as soon as the frosts are over; or, if a hand glass can be placed over the seeds, they can be sown earlier. The place where the plants are to stand should be prepared by digging the soil to the depth of two feet, and working in a good portion of well rotted stable manure or leaf mould. In planting, place the seeds on their edges—eyes down; this may take a little longer time, but one will be well repaid for the time spent, as vegetation will be much more prompt, and the plants will prove more vigorous to say nothing of the satisfaction of seeing almost every seed produce a plant, while if they are placed on their sides, they vegetate slowly and in the event of wet weather are liable to rot.—C. E. P., *Queens, L. I.*

THE IVY IN THE HOUSE.

MR. VICK :—Perhaps everybody knows everything about the Ivy, but I have been so very successful with mine that I would like to have my experience avail for others if they need it. I have been bolder with mine than most people, for I have bared the roots, then potted it often. It is now nearly four years old, and has seven stalks, some of them five and six yards long. It is the small-leaved variety, with white, strongly marked veins. It seems never to have stopped growing, and one stalk only has lost any leaves; the leaves are close together and abundant.

I have but a small place for it, and resolved that I would not shift it from smaller to larger pots as many do, but give it plenty of fresh food in a smallish pot. I bare the roots, sometimes wash them, every spring and fall, and refill the pot, which is seven inches in diameter, with quite rich earth. It stands beside a south window in winter, where it gets no direct rays of the sun except in the afternoon; in summer, in a northwest piazza. The heat of the room in winter is from a coal-stove in an ordinary living-room. I keep the earth quite moist all the time, as I think that suits most vines. I have never seen an insect upon it.—E. J. W., *Collinsville, Connecticut.*

A FINE LILY.—Mrs. STEINMETZ, of Norristown, Pa., wrote that we sent her a white Japan Lilly in the spring of 1869, and last summer it had three flower stalks. On one of these there were twenty-two perfect flowers; on the second, twelve, and on the third, seven; "all white perfect and comely."

ATTRACTIVE HOMES.

Let us who are mothers and sisters, while we are honestly endeavoring to throw good and lasting influences around the young entrusted to our guidance, not underrate the value of an attractive home.

Most of us have at times been sojourners in houses that looked so prim and precise in all their appointments that we could scarcely breathe freely until we had gone out, and closed the door carefully behind us, almost fearing that the evil spirit of the place would follow us home.

A house where the chairs all stand stiffly against the walls—perhaps, covered to keep them from injury—where the sunlight must not come for fear it will fade the carpet, where no papers must be left in sight, and every book must be in the book case, this is the house where the little ones have to sit still in stiff backed chairs with the injunction “Don’t put your feet on the rounds,” and where the little ones wonder what makes the time pass so slowly, and what makes mother so cross. How they wish they could have a jolly time like the little ones over the way, whose mother is always preparing some pleasure for them, if only a cheap picture in a home-made frame, or a pretty plant or two for them to admire. All children love to look at flowers, and there are many men and large boys who profess to care for none of these things, yet feel their influence, and only know that home is the best and brightest place of all.

A boy not long since said to his mother, “I don’t know why it is, mother, but our rooms look so much better than Mrs. B’s. Her house is much finer, and her furniture prettier, but I like the looks of our rooms the best.”

In the house he mentioned were no little knick-knacks—no pretty grasses and flowers to brighten up the rooms—nothing but the necessary articles of furniture. ’Tis true that there were handsome vases on the mantel, but most of the time these were very clean and empty, and seemed more like sentinels guarding the rooms than things for its adornment.

Gather the pretty grasses that abound in the fields—bring in the wild flowers. Search for the vines with bright berries, and pretty mosses. Decorate the mantles and brackets with them. Put them on the dining table. Even boughs of cedar and branches of evergreen will brighten up a room if we have no flowers. Make home look bright, and all will seem more cheerful. The young people will love their home, and the mother’s influence will be more powerful for good. Try the experiment this winter and see the result.—S. E.

VAPOR PROTECTION.

All who care for in-door plants should be well aware of the important parts which the invisible vapor of the air plays in controlling the welfare of their leafy proteges. It aids the plants in two principal ways. First, by preventing the leaves of those which are evergreen from drying, and falling; and their stems from shrivelling, while the roots are non-active, either through the dryness in which they are properly kept during the season of rest, or from other causes. It was held by the scientists for about twenty years, on the faith of DUCHARTRE’S apparently conclusive experiments, that leaves absorb only gases, and not any watery vapor; but HENSLOW has lately shown that DUCHARTRE’S deductions were mistakes; and gardeners, who could never find, in their practice or observation, any corroboration of DUCHARTRE’S dogma, are now glad to see practice and science hand in hand and uncontradictory again over a very important question. They had been sprinkling the foliage of their plants all the while, “to keep it clean and preserve it from insects,” they said, if they wished to appear *en regle*, but in their secret hearts they knew that they could keep the leaves and stem of a cutting, or a weakly-rooted plant, quite stiff and plump by merely keeping it in a bath of air saturated with vapor, and that, somehow, the whole plant got more turgid, with its leaves in damp air. This is the chief use of glass coverings, of all sizes from hand lights to frame sashes and greenhouses, to retain moist air, and prevent dry winds from sweeping it away, while, at the same time, admitting light.

The second, and still more important chief use of aerial vapor is for protection against sudden changes of temperature, and especially against frost. It is a prime non-conductor of heat. The rays of the sun, which pierce us with sweltering effect when the air is clear and devoid of vapor, are softened to a mild and agreeable warmth when the air is humid; and this, even when the humidity is clear transparent vapor, but more so when it is condensed into visible haze. So, if we approach a very hot stove, with entirely dry clothes, we feel the heat penetrating to the skin with burning effect; but if we have been out long enough in damp air to get our clothes saturated, or actually wet through, we can stand near red hot plates, until enveloped in steam from our clothing, without feeling any sensation upon the skin of more than welcome and agreeable warmth. A slice of dry bread, put to toast before a hot fire, is apt to burn quickly; but if made damp first, for the purpose of softening it, it browns only after it ceases to give off vapor. A cup of

steaming coffee or soup does not cool sensibly until it ceases to give off steam, but after that, it soon becomes as cool as the air of the room. A gardener, in charge of a greenhouse, does not water the roots of his plants often in winter; but, when a cold snap occurs he takes care that the floor and the roof, and every part shall be wetted well by the spray of a syringe; and he whistles with satisfaction in the morning when he finds the glass shrouded with ice, for the air below it is delightfully soft and bland to lungs and skin, and every plant smiles through tears. Warmth has been gained in this case in two ways:—by the screen of vapor preventing its radiation away from the plants, and by the large amount of latent heat necessarily given out by vapor, as it condenses into water, and by water as it congeals into ice.

And here comes in another point of the invisible and therefore often unsuspected sources of injury to plants. They freeze, not because of cold coming to them, but because of their warmth going from them faster than any source supplies it. It goes (radiates) away rapidly when the air is dry and clear, not saturated with vapor; but when vapor intervenes in any shape between the plant and firmamental space, whether as ice on the greenhouse roof, enclosing vapor below, or as mist, fog, cloud, or even translucent uncondensed vapor, it prevents the plants' warmth from escaping, and that is what saves it from freezing. Out door plants, vines, &c., are protected by contact with the large body of mother earth, and by a screen of manure, paper, carpet, leaves, snow, mold, sod, branches of evergreens, or whatever will lie on them loosely, leaving air spaces, the more the better, however small and serving as a barrier to prevent free, open, upward radiation.

Severe frost can only occur when the air is very dry. Whenever there is vapor enough to condense on earth surfaces as hoar frost, and above as fog, the two sources of prevention referred to above, as operating under the glass of a greenhouse, come into play out of doors, and the frost ends in *fiasco*.—TYRONE.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS—CARNATIONS.

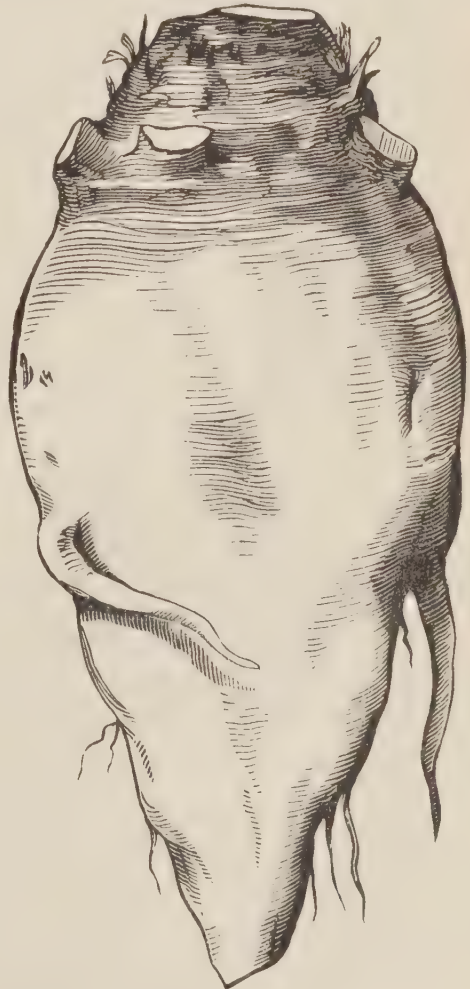
From early November until the present time I have had flowers, showers of them, from my Chrysanthemums and Carnations. I have never before had such a fine display so early in the season, and there appears to be no diminution, for buds are forming constantly. I obtained small plants of Chrysanthemums in the spring, put them in pots, and sunk the pots in the earth, and they grew nicely all summer. If any branches appeared to grow too rapidly I pinched them off, and in that way made nice stocky

plants. In October I took the pots from the ground, and removed them to the house. Previous to this buds began to form. They seemed to like the change, for in a few weeks I had flowers, and they have been abundant ever since. The colors I have are white, yellow and reddish.

The Carnations I set in the ground without pots. In September they began to make buds, but I picked off most of them, and potted plants and carried to the house the same time as the Carnations. They soon began to flower, and it looks as if they would bloom all winter, for new shoots are being formed and every new shoot brings its buds. I have only two kinds, white and pink. If any of your readers wish to obtain Carnations for the house they must be sure and get the winter-flowering kinds.—E. B. C.

MANGEL BEETS.

If any of your readers wish nice nutritive food for cattle, please tell them to grow the Cattle or Mangel Beets. I send you one that weighs twenty-six pounds. It is not handsome, because overgrown, but the general crop was a



beautiful sight. This large Beet had not more than one-fifth of its length under ground, and this was characteristic of the whole crop. You can imagine how easily they are harvested.—A FARMER.

SCARECROWS.

MR. EDITOR:—I may be a success at very many things, but making scarecrows is not among the number. It don't seem to be one of my accomplishments. I like the birds, and encourage them to visit my grounds and make themselves quite at home, and they have accepted my invitation, but they sometimes make too free with my fruit. I could, however, bear this if they would let my seeds alone, and wait until the crop matured and then share with me all fair. When I try to drive them away they only move a little way and then look at me as much as to say "we're not afraid—we know you don't mean it." At least my wife says that is what they say, for she declares she can make it out quite well. Certainly their actions indicate some such talk.

Being a poor one myself, I thought I would make a genuine scarecrow, one that would be sure to frighten every bird from my seed-beds, and save a few of my Cherries. So I manufactured one out of old clothes and old hay and straw, and erected him in a conspicuous place, and feared I had really overdone the matter, and every bird would be driven from my garden, never to return. The result, however, was not as anticipated, for the birds feared the scarecrow no more than they did me, and I



"AIN'T THIS HANDY?" SAID MRS. SPARROW.

really believe they thought I had made it for their amusement and benefit, for they perched upon his hat and arms with perfect abandon, and finally began to tear him to pieces and carry off his inside to build their nests in the trees and house-top. One impudent little pair would not take this trouble, but actually built their nest in his bosom. I then felt decidedly "beat," and if my experience will be of any benefit to your readers it is at your service.

I had, however, a field of Corn a little way

from my house, and on a cross road, which the Crows visited altogether too freely, for the good of the coming crop. Now, I don't care anything about Crows or their music, so I made a scarecrow for this field without any compunction of conscience. One evening, while sitting on the piazza of my house, enjoying a beautiful sunset, I observed something that gave a very



"AN EVEN EXCHANGE IS NO ROBBERY."

good idea of poor human nature, and I think would convert any one to the orthodox doctrine of total depravity, for a tramp was actually swapping coats with my poor scarecrow, who never said a word against it, although the said tramp was getting altogether the best of the bargain.—J. B. F.

TUBEROSES.

A lady correspondent writes,—“I had wonderful success with my Pinks and Snapdragons. They were very beautiful and became celebrated miles from here.” The Tuberoses budded, but she fears the frost will come before any flowers appear. A good plan to treat the Tuberose in a Northern climate is to plant the bulbs in a box, a month before it will answer to put them in the open ground, and set the box in a very warm place—in the kitchen, behind the kitchen stove, any hot place, keeping the earth only moderately moist. By the time warm weather comes they will have made a month or six weeks' start, and the whole box can be sunk in the garden, or the bulbs removed singly, with care.

CAULIFLOWERS.—A gentleman in Colorado informs us, that by irrigation he grew Cauliflower heads four feet three inches in circumference. Cauliflower is fond of water, and we have seen large plantations in the continent of Europe that were regularly watered every evening, except during rainy weather.



A FLOWER FANCY.

Some flowers are like faces of friends that died.

This Lily, that's pure as a flower can be,
Sets sail a thought on memory's tide,
And down from the past it drifts to me,
A thought of a face with a lily's grace
In its pure white beauty of youth. Ah me!
Where it used to be there's a vacant place,
And the face like a Lily I no more see.

Here is a Rose. I am thinking now
Of a face as sweet in the days gone by,
With the sun of life's June on its cheek and brow,
And its light in the depths of its loving eye.
Oh, beautiful face, I shall not forget;
I see you again in the roses here,
And think, while my eyes grow dim and wet,
The happy dead do not need a tear.

I catch the odor of Mignonette,
And a face from the fragrance looks at me,
Oh, dear old friend, I remember yet
The faithful face I'd be glad to see.
Though it lacked the beauty that others wear,
A heart right royal beneath it beat,
And, shining through, made the features fair;
Dear, plain little flower, you are wondrous sweet!

And here is a Violet fair and shy,
With the spell of the spring time captive here
In its yellow heart, and I think, with a sigh
For the sweetest blossom of all the year,
Of a face like the flower, with violet eyes,
And hair a tangle on neck and brow.
Away on the hillside of Paradise
The face like a Violet's shining now.

And here is a Snowdrop, dainty and white,
A delicate creature of frost and air;
A face looks out of the flower to-night,
The face of a child that is strangely fair.
And I think with tears of the babe whose years
Were only two when she went away;
Oh, the flower that the angels took from me
Fair in the Gardens of God to-day!

—EBEN E. REXFORD.



ANNUALS FOR BEDDING PLANTS.

Although annuals do not, as a rule, last long in flower, there are some which may worthily rank with bedding plants, and amongst these may be mentioned the following: Asters, Balsams, Helichrysums, Nasturtiums, Ten-weeks Stocks, Phlox Drummondii, Portulacas, Tagetes, Sanvitalias, and Zinnias, as flowering plants, and Beets, Amaranthuses, Perilla, Artemisias, Tobacco, Ice-plants, Solanums, Ricinus, and Salvia argentea as fine foliage plants. There are also a few perennials, biennials and annuals which may be raised from seed, but which are usually struck from cuttings in order to preserve some special character, viz., Ageratums, Verbenas, Lobelias, Petunias, Cannas, Chamæpeuce and Pyrethrums; all these are beautiful as regards either foliage or flowers, and, if carefully used, may be induced to produce a display almost equal to that yielded by our most favored bedding plants. With the exception of Sanvitalia and Beets, the whole may be raised in pots on a slight bottom heat, and as soon as they are fairly out of the ground they should be placed in a greenhouse for a few days to harden off. A cold frame having been prepared with rich soil, the flowering section—with the exception of Ageratums, Balsams, Lobelias, Petunias, Phloxes, Portulacas and Verbenas, which should be pricked off in pots and kept in moderate heat, close to the glass—should be pricked off about three or four inches apart. The whole of the fine foliated section should be put into pots, pans or boxes, and retained in heat. A knowledge of the heights and colors only is then required to make a grand display. A moist, warm day should, if possible, be chosen to put them in the open ground, and if taken up with balls of earth they will be sure to succeed. Sanvitalia and Beets may be sown where they are required to stand and thinned out where necessary. Pyrethrums, Petunias, Lobelias, Ageratums, Cannas and Chamæpeuce should, to have them in good condition, be sown as early as possible.—*Gardening Illustrated*.

PITCHER PLANTS.

I find that Sarracénias are very accommodating, not all particular as to the house in which they grow. I grow mine through the summer in a light airy greenhouse, well ventilated top and bottom, and in winter I place them in the coolest end of the stove. This is merely for my own convenience, for it is not absolutely necessary that they should be in heat in winter, as I have known some growers allow their plants to be exposed to frost for a considerable time. I have tried two or three composts for them, but what they like best is good fibry peat, chopped sphagnum, broken charcoal or potsherds, and plenty of silver sand. Some prefer potting in spring before they make their spring pitchers. The pots should be washed and be filled about a quarter full with good drainage, or if large, a little more drainage will be all the better; over this place a thin layer of moss, and then the potting proceeds. The crown or rhizome should be slightly elevated above the level of the pot, the plants being potted rather firmly, leaving sufficient space at the top for a good top dressing of green sphagnum. After the plants have become sufficiently large, pans are the most suitable to grow them in. In their native habitat Sarracénias are found growing in boggy or marshy ground, consequently they require a good amount of water both in summer and winter; in fact, they should never be allowed to become dry. The plants when growing, should occupy a position near the glass and be fully exposed to the sun, for if shaded the coloring of the pitchers is not nearly so bright. It is very necessary to guard against the flies, for these intruders are very fond of the secretion produced by the pitchers when in a young state. If the flies are allowed to become entrapped in the pitchers in any quantity, decomposition soon takes place, and causes the base of the pitcher to decay. I find that placing a small piece of cotton wool in the top of each pitcher, sufficiently far down to be unobserved, answers the purpose admirably.—W. K., in *Journal of Horticulture*.

PETUNIAS.

The Petunia is a plant particularly well adapted to our bright climate, and we are continually hearing good things about it from all quarters. In England it is very satisfactory, and new use is constantly found for it. The double flowered varieties are considerably used there for late summer and autumn decoration of the greenhouse and conservatory.

Our correspondents frequently mention the Petunia as one of the best winter flowering window plants. A writer in an English Journal, in reference to the Petunia for conservatory decorations, says: "I would strongly recommend any one having such places to keep gay, to get a packet of seed of the double varieties, and sow it at once; double kinds being best adapted for pot culture and not so suitable for turning out, their flowers being too heavy to



DOUBLE PETUNIA.

withstand the effect of wind and wet, which, toward the end of the season, sadly mar their beauty."

By sowing early, large blooming plants may be had by spring. It is necessary that the young plants should be kept close to the glass, for the least shade tends to draw them up and make them puny.

"Although double Petunias may be propagated by means of cuttings, seedlings are preferable, as they grow stronger and give little trouble; but when any of very superior merit show themselves it is always worth while keeping a stock plant of such for cuttings.

The single forms make grand beds if planted where they can have plenty of room to spread, but, as they are naturally strong growers, a poor soil is best for them, if deep, so that the

roots can get well down; that checks any tendency to over-robustness, and yet affords the necessary support during dry weather. Besides forming magnificent beds, single Petunias make fine masses in borders; but when used in that way they require support. The neatest and best way of effecting this is using coarse-meshed wire cut into yard lengths, which, tied to stakes at the ends, forms a capital frame, through which they spread their shoots and completely hide the wire with their gay blossoms and foliage. There are many other plants of a similar character for which a trellis made in this way answers well, and, as they last for years, nothing for the purpose can be cheaper or more handy."

As Petunia seeds are very small, they should only be slightly covered at the time of sowing, otherwise the young plants are unable to push through the soil. Pans for such seeds should be filled nearly full with rough leaf mould, and on the top of that should be put an inch or so of finely sifted soil, made perfectly level and smooth. That done, the next thing is to give a gentle watering, and then they should not be disturbed for a few hours, when all will be ready for sowing. This should be done thinly, and a little sand sprinkled over the seeds, when, if placed in a moist heat, they will soon germinate, especially if the pan be covered with a sheet of glass, or kept dark by a piece of paper for two or three days, as by that means evaporation is intercepted and a more uniform warmth maintained.

GOLD AND SILVER FERNS.

Gymnogrammas are chiefly natives of tropical regions, the forms in cultivation being from the West Indian Islands and South America. One of their most important requirements is, therefore, a stove temperature, or such as is provided for tropical Ferns, where a separate structure is devoted to them. During winter this should not be allowed to fall below 50° Fahrenheit, a range of 10° upwards being permitted; but too high a temperature at that time of year is inadvisable, as it tends to cause a weakened immature growth. In summer the maximum should be about 80°. They need more exposure to light than many Ferns, the sunny side of a fernery, or a slightly shaded position in an ordinary stove suiting them admirably. Abundance of water is required whilst they are growing and during hot weather, but as they are most impatient of any approach to stagnation the composition of the soil and the drainage must be carefully attended to. A compost of fibrous peat, light loam, abundance of sand, with some small pieces of charcoal, well

incorporated, constitute a good soil, encouraging vigorous and healthy growth. Another point that needs attention is to avoid wetting the fronds, as the delicate silver or gold farina is quickly washed off and the chief beauty of the plants destroyed.

Gold and Silver Ferns are most readily increased by spores, as these germinate in a few weeks; in fact, they are some of the quickest to germinate of the whole family of Ferns. The best mode of effecting this increase is to remove the fertile fronds from the plant before the spores are fully mature, placing them in a dry warm house until they are ripe. Shallow pots or pans should be prepared by thorough drainage, upon which there should be placed a layer of sphagnum, filling up with very finely sifted loam and sand; and if the former has been baked it is better, though so much care is not needed with these as with more delicate or longer germinating Ferns. It is one of the peculiarities of the genus that the young plants produced in this way are extremely variable both in the form of the fronds and the color of the meal and the farina, and it is owing to this circumstance that many forms, varieties and probable hybrids have been obtained.

PLANTS FOR BASKETS.

Amongst the prettiest of basket plants raised from seed are the Thunbergias, orange, buff, and white, which should be sown at once in a gentle heat. These are creepers, and hang down over the sides of baskets with graceful effect. Phlox Drummondii, in several colors, are also very admirable basket plants; so also are the diverse shaded blues of the Lobelia. Portulacas are also very beautiful creeping plants, and flower well if exposed to the sun; and Nemophilas, though much hardier, are also very effective. A few of the dwarfer ornamental Grasses, if sown at once in small pots, should give valuable and effective foliage additions; and some of the Mesembryanthemums would also be useful. In filling baskets it is too commonly the rule to stuff them with Fuchsias, Pelargoniums, Calceolarias, and all kinds of plants that have no affinity either in character or habit with the baskets. All this is very ridiculous, and cannot be too much discountenanced. The great charm of a hanging basket lies in the comparatively untrained free growth of its denizens; and this should specially run about over its sides and hang down in such graceful profusion as should hide the material of the basket from view. Generally there is an attempt to get too much out of a basket; rather it should be the object of the cultivator to get as much beauty as possible out

of the least and simplest and at the same time most suitable materials.—A. D., in *Gardening Illustrated*.

PRUNING ROSES.

In pruning strong-growing Roses, the end to be secured is a considerable number of medium sized, well-ripened shoots, instead of a very few strong ones, as these strong luxuriant shoots will produce few flowers. In accordance with the above statement, a contributor to a foreign journal says: "The other day when looking over an amateur rosarian's pets, a plant of Jean Rosenkrantz was pointed out as yielding only wood and leaves. The season's growth was at their base thicker than my thumb, and the general appearance of these stems immediately suggested the reason why flowers had not been produced. At the base of the shoots the buds had gradually become more prominent, till at the ends they were as prominent as those on any other Roses. To obtain a supply of blooms next season, the tips of the shoots would merely require cutting off; but to make a permanent improvement at least one shoot would need to be cut well in, and then, instead of allowing the young shoots to grow as they pleased, their points would require to be pinched out, when the young growths had attained a firm condition at least some inches above its base."

CORNFLOWER.—One of the prettiest things in the show-house at Kew of late have been some pots of *Centaurea cyanus*, the common cornfield weed, whose blue flowers are so charming. Now that it is raised to the dignity of a show plant we shall not care to call it a weed again. It is said to be the favorite flower of the Emperor of Germany, and another Emperor is stated to have preferred it to all other flowers in his garden. We must say their Imperial Majesties show their good taste.—*Gardener's Chronicle*.

WOODLICE—I catch quantities of woodlice in the following manner: I get some three inch pots, and place in them Potatoes sliced thinly; I then place a piece of hay, so as to cover the tops of the flower-pots, and lay the pots on their sides. I do this at night, and go round in the morning and examine them, when I put the woodlice into boiling water.—H. E., in *Gardening Illustrated*.

LAVENDER.—In Olean, Cattaraugus County, in the State of New York, I recently saw the finest plants of Lavender I think in America. They were in pots in the window—real beauties—as good as they are in Sussex, England.—TRAVELER.



AMARYLLIS JOHNSONI.

MR. JAMES VICK :—I wish some information in regard to the culture of the *Amaryllis Johnsoni*. What kind of soil should be used, also when ought it to be started, and tell all about it, please I have a fine bulb, purchased this fall.—A SUBSCRIBER.

The dormant bulb may be kept back in sand in the cellar until the last of February or first of March. At that time it can be potted in a soil composed of old cow-manure, sand and leaf mold in equal parts, and to this mixture as a whole, add an equal quantity of fresh loam, taken just under the turf from an old pasture; this will make an excellent soil for the purpose. Only a moderate sized pot should be used, and if it becomes filled with roots the plant can then be shifted into one of larger size. In potting, the top of the bulb should be left above the soil, and on a level with the rim of the pot, so that a space will remain in the pot above the surface of the soil to hold water. When first potted the plant should be watered very sparingly, and only a moderate moisture maintained in the soil; when the leaves begin to push the watering can be gradually increased as growth progresses. The plant delights in a full exposure to the light and sun; a greenhouse temperature, that is, a heat of 50° to 65°, is all that is required during the early stages of growth, but as the season advances the flower-stem will push with the increased heat of the last of spring and early summer; at this period of its vegetation the plant should have a liberal supply of water.

After flowering and when the leaves begin to show signs of drying, the water can be reduced until the withered foliage indicates that the time has arrived for the bulb to be completely at rest, and the need of water no longer to exist. In the dormant state the bulb can remain in the pot in which it has made its growth and be left undisturbed in some moderately cool spot, where it will be secure from frost and water, until it is again wanted to grow. Then the bulb with its ball of earth can be turned out and shaken free from all the soil; if there are any offsets these can now be re-

moved, to be planted separately as young plants to be reared. The bulb can now be repotted in fresh soil, and afterwards treated again in the manner already described.

PEAR TREE SCALE.

MR. VICK :—I enclose a sprig from one of my Pear trees, which is covered with some kind of insect. The tree has not seemed to flourish this summer, but it was not until about time for the leaves to fall that I dis-



covered what the matter was. What shall I do to get rid of them? I am sure I shall lose my tree if I cannot destroy them in some way. The tree is quite small, having been set only three years.—L. W. P., Windsor Locks.

The insect here mentioned proves on examination to resemble closely one mentioned by Harris and described by Dalman of Sweden, as *Coccus cryptogamus*, and probably it is it. These insects subsist upon the sap which they draw from the trees by means of their beaks thrust into the bark. In the autumn and through the winter they are in a dormant state, but become active in spring and rapidly increase in numbers during summer.

The scales as they appear in winter are "less than a tenth of an inch in length, and have the form of a common oyster shell, being broader at the hinder extremity, but tapering towards the other, which is surmounted by a little oval brownish scale. The small ones, which are not much more than half the length of the others, are of a very long oval shape, or almost four sided, with the ends rounded; and one extremity is covered by a minute oval dark-colored scale." These little dark-colored scales on one of the ends of the cases are the skins of the lice while they were in the young state. The large whitish scales are those of the female insects, and the smaller those of the males.

The young lice are very small, of a pale yellowish brown color, and of an oval shape, very flat, and appearing like minute scales. They move about for a while, at length become

stationary, increase in size, and in due time the whitish shells are produced, and the included insects pass from the larva to the pupa state.

For destroying the insects Harris recommends "a wash made of two parts of soft soap and eight of water, with which is to be mixed lime enough to bring it to the consistence of thick whitewash. This is to be put upon the trunks and limbs of the trees with a brush, and as high as practicable, so as to cover the whole surface, and fill all the cracks in the bark." The proper time to apply the wash is in the spring, when the insects are young and tender. Another wash that may be used in the same way, is composed of two pounds of potash dissolved in seven quarts of water. Common salt at the rate of a quart dissolved in two gallons of water, has also proved destructive. Still another remedy is kerosene oil, which may be applied pure without injury, but the better way is first to mix the oil with milk and then to dilute it with water.

GARDEN NOTES.

MR. VICK:—A few years ago I wrote to you that your MAGAZINE costs only ten shillings a year, but is worth \$10, on account of the letters from your lady customers. Some of our poets have compared the human family to a garden, wherein the men were the trees and our good ladies the flowers—sweet roses, lilies, &c. And it is indeed a poor garden that has not a variety of flowers, besides roses, to say nothing about the thorns. A good many, I think, agree with me. It is the garden, and the work and the pleasure resulting from it, that keep us alive and well.

I have to thank you for the information about carbolic acid as a substitute for White Hellebore powder to use upon the insects that infest Currants, Gooseberries, Rosebushes, &c. I found one ounce, or ten cents



CALYSTEGIA PUBESCENS.

worth of carbolic acid in twelve gallons of water, as good as one dollar's worth of White Hellebore. The mixture applied with a syringe did well, but I could not use the sprinkling can, as the acid settles down. Can any one tell of a better way to use the solution? It will be a real blessing for the garden and the pocket book.

Enclosed I send a leaf of a plant, the creeping and trailing character of which makes it in some places a nuisance. Underground it is like a round tape worm, and the wiry roots run in every direction among other plants and roots. The plant bears flowers like little roses. Please to tell us the name of this bad fellow, and how to get rid of his company.

Lastly, a thousand thanks for some of your hints about wild gardens. Early in spring, when other people are sowing, my bulbs and herbaceous plants are in bloom and I am enjoying them; in summer I permit annuals to take rooms, or I lodge them where other plants have to rest for a few weeks or months, and, at present, for instance, late in the fall, my Gooseberry bushes, whose leaves fell off last month, are gay with Petunias, thousands of flowers sending forth to me their sweet perfume. The Nasturtiums adorn the dwarf pear trees, and I have Chrysanthemums in several varieties, and so many other sweet pets and hobbies that my little piece of God's beautiful world is my paradise. Oh, I was going to say, "at present my wild garden."—C. G. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The illustrations here presented fairly represent a leaf and flower of *Calystegia pubescens*, the troublesome plant complained of by our correspondent. This plant is often cultivated as an ornamental climber, and is really quite handsome, but it has a way so insinuating, that at last it becomes troublesome and is then regarded as a pest. The *Calystegia* is allied to the *Convolvulus*, and this variety produces double flowers of a pretty pink color. It is hardy in all parts of the country, and if it had not so selfish a propensity, would receive far more attention from cultivators.

WILD AND FOREIGN PLANTS IN OREGON.

MR. VICK:—I reside in the Willamette valley in Western Oregon. We have many beautiful wild flowers here. I do not know the names of some of them, but would like to know them. I send you a few dried specimens, together with the seeds of some two kinds of grass seed; the finer kind has a plume head from six inches to a foot in length, of a purple color if grown in the sun, and of a pale green if in the shade; the other is a low-growing, spreading kind; it is the best thing I ever had to give a finish to bouquets of fresh flowers. The native place of both kinds is along the edges of swales where the water stands in the winter; but both kinds can be cultivated, for I have tried them. Several varieties of *Nemophila* grow wild here, and a variety of Red Columbine. We have a native Honeysuckle also; it has a red bloom very early in the spring, followed by clusters of berries that turn red in September, and hang on till eaten by birds in the winter. There is another vine, a very rapid grower, it has an irregularly shaped leaf and clings by the leaf stem, as grapes do by their tendrils; it has clusters of small white blooms, followed by a long silky looking bunch which fluffs out white when ripening, the vines look as if covered with large white feathers; it is very nice for winter bouquets if gathered before it is ripe, as then it will not fall off when it is feathered out. The little blue flower I think is *Collinsia*; it makes a beautiful bed, and blooms early. The Currant is a lovely shrub; it blooms in February and March; the leaves are a beautiful green all summer, turning to a reddish brown in the fall, and sometimes remain on till near Christmas. There is an evergreen shrub growing along the streams and in the mountains; I would like to know if it is the *Mahonia* spoken of in

one of your magazines. It is called here the "Oregon Grape," probably because the fruit resembles the wild grape of some other country. It is not at all like a grape. The inner bark, both of the root and the shrub, is of a bright yellow color, and is much used as a medicine; it is bitter as wormwood. There are two varieties, one of which grows from five to eight feet high, the other not more than a foot. The berry of the former, I am told, resembles the black-haw, that of the latter looks much like the grape. I enclose a leaf of each variety. The large leaf is from the taller shrub. Next year I will try and get specimens of a good many other kinds of flowers. I have purchased and tried quite a number of kinds of annuals, and most of them have done well, but others I do not think the climate suits; the nights are too cool for them. We have cool nights all summer, so that many annuals which do well in other places do not mature here. Do you furnish seeds or young plants of the English Holly? I would like to try it, I believe it would do well here.—MRS. M. E. C., *Dallas, Oregon.*

In Oregon and California and some of the western territories, in partially shady places, the *Nemophila* is at home, and thrives better than with us when cultivated where it is fully exposed to the sun.

There are several species of *Columbine* on the western coast that are peculiar to that section. As yet we have no flora that is at all complete for that part of the country, hence, we are unable to identify many plants sent from the extreme west. There is a great mass of information accumulated in reference to the vegetation of the western part of this country, and cool heads and busy hands are arranging and preparing it for the use of the public. A great deal on this subject has already been published by the government and otherwise, but that is accessible to but few. In time we shall have the whole in compact and systematic form through the labors of Dr. ASA GRAY and his colleagues. The vine mentioned, that clings by its leaf-stem, is a *Clematis*.

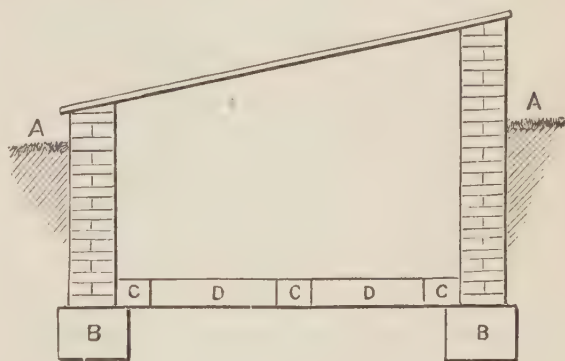
Our correspondent is right in the surmise about the *Collinsia*, but we fail to find a description of this species. The evergreen shrub called the "Oregon Grape" is the *Mahonia*; but this name, though commonly applied, is not strictly correct, as the plant is considered to be a *Berberis*. The larger one of the leaflets sent is *Berberis aquifolium*, and the smaller one is *B. repens*. The larger one is shining or glaucous on the upper surface, while the other is not shiny. There are specimens of *B. aquifolium* in this city that stand nearly six feet high.

THE IVY IN WATER. — The English Ivy growing in a vase of water forms a beautiful decoration during winter. Some graceful shoots of Ivy should be selected and cut and then placed in receptacles with water in our rooms; they will soon begin to grow in a half-drooping manner and form charming ornaments.

BRICK FOR A HOT-BED.

MR. VICK:—Will you oblige an old customer, by giving me information which I have not obtained from your publications, my usual guides in all matters pertaining to gardening. Are bricks as suitable material for enclosing a hot-bed as planks? I wish to construct a new hot bed this fall, and have bricks at hand; but am not sure if they will keep out frost as well as boards or planks. Please favor me with a reply.—J. B., *Enon Valley, Pa.*

There is no reason why bricks may not be used for hot-bed constructions as well as wood. In the use of brick it would be necessary to commence laying the walls at a sufficient depth to be secure from frost. It would be preferable to have a course or two of stone as a foundation on which to build the brick work. In order to give a clear idea of the proper manner to form a hot-bed pit of brick, a representative of a vertical section of such a pit is here given, and an inspection of it will make apparent the design.



The ground line is indicated at A. A. The soil from a space having the width and length of the proposed structure is removed to a depth of two and a half feet, and a trench all around the pit bottom is opened a foot deeper to receive the stone foundation shown at B. B., of a foot in height. Upon this base an eight inch brick wall is laid all around, and, when finished, is four feet high at the back and three feet at the front. The front wall is six inches and the back wall eighteen inches above ground. On the bottom of the pit, some two by four scantling or timbers, C. C. C., can be laid, and over these a board or plank floor, leaving an air chamber D. D. below. A drain should be provided to prevent any accumulation of water underneath. The top of the wall and the upper part of it, about four inches deep, should be cased with wood all around; to this casing the rafters can be fitted, and the sash will slip smoothly over all. Manure can be filled into the pit to a depth of two feet or even more, as it will gradually shrink and sink. A pit of the kind here described would be more expensive at first than a hot-bed made with a board frame, but it would be very durable, and would not allow any loss of heat, and would certainly

have the quality of neatness to commend it, which would be no little consideration, if in the immediate vicinity of the house.

MANAGEMENT OF COLD PITS.

MR. VICK :—Your MAGAZINE is the source of constant information. I followed your plan of a cold pit, and it gives entire satisfaction. Some points, however, I do not know exactly how to manage, so I must trouble you for information.

The pit is three feet deep on the shallow side, it faces the south and is well protected on north and west by a stone wall. I have the plants on the ground, but now that the sun remains so far south during its course, the flowers nearest the southern wall receive none of its rays. The pit is only four feet wide. I am not anxious for the flowers to grow much, but desire their preservation.

I do not understand about ventilation. I read they must have air when the weather will permit, but I do not know when the weather is suitable. The sash and wooden cover are both secured to the frame by hinges, and the sash is divided into three parts. When the sun shines nicely I raise the outer cover, by means of pulleys, (which is a great saving of labor. On such occasions, even should it be freezing right briskly, say 20° Fahrenheit, could I without risk raise the middle sash about an inch or two from the ground? If not please let me know how to manage. Is it wrong to keep the wooden cover closed when the sun is not shining, and the day cold and freezing? Sometimes we may have a week of such weather in succession.

By answering these questions you will add another favor to the many already received.—M. A., *St. Louis*.

It will be well to have a shelf on the front side of this pit so as to lift up the plants to a height sufficient to secure sunshine; the smallest or shortest plants can be placed on this shelf.

It is proper to admit air to the pit when the temperature outside is at 40° and upwards; it will not do to ventilate when it is freezing. The shutters need not be on except when there is danger of frost entering; on a dull cold day, if the pit is secure from frost, it is better to keep the shutters off. A thermometer hanging on the inside where it can be seen through the glass will be a guide, in connection with another thermometer in the open air, for the management of the shutters.

The present winter will probably be a trying one for cold pits everywhere; as the changes in the weather are so sudden and so extreme, unusual care will be necessary.

PRUNING CLEMATIS.

Should Clematis vines be trimmed in the fall or spring, and how short should they be cut, or how close to the ground?—J. W. G.

There is considerable difference in the hardiness of different varieties of Clematis, and the extent to which the stems are killed back in winter depends on the character of the weather. The best course to pursue is to leave the vines without trimming until spring, then, when the buds begin to swell, all the dead parts can be removed.

THE PERSIMMON.

MR. VICK :—I sent yesterday a few Persimmons, *Diospyros Virginiana*, and thought some of your readers might like a short account of the fruit. It is plum-like, very acrid while green, but freezing renders it edible, and destroys the puckering taste which is so disagreeable before it fully ripens. This place is the farthest north the tree is met with, but it is plentiful in Virginia



DIOSPYROS VIRGINIANA.

and Pennsylvania, where it grows into large trees, and the fruit is considered pleasant by many. The weather here has been very cold, so that the fruit has been frozen and can now, in November, be eaten; usually we wait until about Christmas and then gather the crop. The fruit dries nicely and will hang on the tree until Spring, unless shaken off by violent winds.—A. B. S., *Canandaigua, N. Y.*

The Persimmon is a rare tree in this section, although plentiful further South. The name, *Diospyros*, that this tree bears, is an ancient one, and is formed of the two words *dios* and *pyros*, meaning the fruit of Jove or the fruit of heaven, thus indicating a high estimation of it by the old Greeks. The species known to the ancients, and the only one that is native of Europe, is *D. Lotus*. The fruit of this kind is described as being the size of a Cherry, yellow when ripe, sweet and astringent. The fruits of our Persimmon vary in size from three-fourths of an inch to an inch and a quarter in diameter. Quite a number of different species of this tree inhabit China, Japan and East and West Indies.

The best fruit is that of the Japan Persimmon, *D. Kaki*, now cultivated in California, and some of the Southern States, but which is not hardy at the North. In Japan the fruit is dried, packed and sold in the manner of Dates.

The wood of our native Persimmon is white and very brittle, but that of a number of East Indian species is of great value; it is the famous Ebony wood. Ebony is the product of *Diospyros Ebenum* of Ceylon and of several other species found in the East Indies.

INDIA RUBBER PLANT.

I have observed the India Rubber Plant in green-houses, with its beautiful broad glossy leaves, but seldom see it in private houses among collections of house plants. Will you please tell us about it?—FANNY.

The Indian Rubber plant is becoming quite a favorite as a foliage plant, and it certainly has some excellent qualities that entitle it to favor. Its large, thick, glossy, shining leaves, and its tropical appearance, command admiration; it is of easy culture and does finely planted out in bed or border during the summer. We have all heard how difficult, and even impossible, it is for many plants to thrive in the smoke and fogs of London, but *Ficus elastica* will grow and keep healthy there for years in the same pot, if well supplied with water. As a window or house plant the leaves should be frequently sponged to free them from dust; the plant requires plenty of light but should not be placed where it will be much exposed to draughts.



FICUS ELASTICA.

This plant is increased by cuttings, those taken from the tips of the shoots doing best, but each cutting with a leaf will make a plant with proper care. It is well to commence early with them, and the cuttings should be taken if possible in January.

Each cutting should be inserted singly in a thumb pot, in good sandy peat or sand and leaf mold, making the soil quite firm, and inserting a stick in each pot to tie the leaf to for its protection. The pots should be placed in gentle bottom heat and kept close.

When roots have formed, which will be in about six weeks, the plants can be given a little more air, but a warm, moist atmosphere is that

which is best adapted to them, and must be secured. When the young plants are coming well into growth they can be given a size larger pots. Shading should be given only when the sun is strongest, as it is desirable that the plants should have the full benefit of the sun to develop them strong and stocky. In spring they may be planted out in a frame with a slight bottom heat, and gradually hardened off, so that, when danger of frost is fully past, the sash can be thrown entirely off; the only after attention required will be a good supply of water. Plants raised in this way will have much larger and handsomer foliage than those wholly pot-grown and if lifted carefully in the fall will not be checked.

Although *Ficus elastica* is called the India Rubber tree, it is by no means the only plant that supplies a juice from which is prepared the caoutchouc of commerce that enters so largely into the arts, and is so indispensable for a great variety of purposes.

CINERARIA, CYCLAMEN, GLOXINIA.

I would like to have you tell me something of the way in which Cinerarias, Cyclamens and Gloxinias should be treated, that have grown from seed the past summer. My plants are in a sitting room and all look nicely except the Cineraria.—F. C. H., *Odessa, N. Y.*

Cinerarias at this season of the year should not be forced; a temperature of 40° to 45° at night and a little warmer in daytime is all that is required or desirable. They must have a moist atmosphere, and this is one of the greatest difficulties to be encountered in keeping these plants in the house, and no doubt this is the trouble with the plants enquired about. We can only advise that attention be given to evaporating water in the room, and that the shelf where the pots stand be covered with moss or Sphagnum that will hold water, or what would be still better to plunge the pots in the moss. If it is not convenient to procure moss, the shelf can have half an inch of sand placed on it for the pots to stand on. The plants should be sprayed with water at least once a day. Cinerarias kept in a dry air are sure to breed green fly abundantly, and these soon play the mischief with them. To destroy green fly on these plants it is better to use weak tobacco water to dip the plants in, rather than to smoke them, as the foliage is apt to suffer from the smoke. Give the plants a little weak manure water every other day when in bloom.

Cyclamens now need a low temperature of about 50° or a little more, a full exposure to the light, and air sufficient to keep them from becoming drawn.

Gloxinia bulbs should now be at rest, and it will be best to withhold the water and let them dry off and remain dormant until the first of April.

ADLUMIA CIRRHOSA.

MR. VICK:—I send you a few branches with leaves and flowers, of a vine I had in my yard last summer. I do not know what it is called, and thought perhaps you would know. It is a very beautiful vine, much admired by all who see it. Its leaves are of a very delicate green, and the delicate pink colored flower make a beautiful sight. I suppose it grows to about fifteen or twenty feet high, and is a splendid bloomer. It flowers till the frost kills it. The seeds are a jet black. If you know anything about it, please let me know what it is. —Mrs. G. J. T., *Homewood, Pa.*

The climber is *Adlumia cirrhosa* and sometimes called Sleeping Vine, and in some places is known as Wood Fringe. Its principal attraction consists in its delicate pale green, triply pinnate foliage, the twining foot-stalks of which act as tendrils. The flowers are pink and white, not very conspicuous or beautiful, and yet are neat and graceful, and of the form seen in the engraving. The plant neither



runs nor bears flowers the first season, but the second will often grow twenty feet. Sow seed in the spring, in a damp, cool place, or keep the ground shaded. Transplant in the autumn, if possible, though the spring will answer. Although strictly a biennial, and therefore flowering but once, most persons would judge it to be a perennial, because in a damp situation, as on the north side of a porch or fence, self-sown seed germinate so freely that plants are always in abundance in every stage of growth, so that some are ready to take the place of the old vines each year.

BOSTON SMILAX BLOOMING.

When does Boston Smilax bloom? I have plants two years old or more, and some eight or ten feet long, but they have never shown any signs of bloom.—J. M., *Newton, Iowa.*

With us the Smilax blooms very freely about the time of the holidays. The flowers are produced in the axils of the leaves, and are very small and inconspicuous with reddish anthers.

AMARYLLIS JOHNSONI.

MR. VICK:—Please tell me if *Amaryllis Johnsoni* should be kept growing all the time, or if it needs a season of rest?

Accept thanks for the generous manner in which my order was filled.—Mrs. R. S. H., *Nauvoo, Ill.*

The bulb above mentioned should be allowed to rest for about three months, during the latter part of autumn, and until the last of winter.

AN AMATEUR'S GARDEN.

MR. JAMES VICK:—We consider VICK'S MAGAZINE as indispensable in our home, and one of the best publications in our country. In a former letter I promised to tell you of my success or failure in the culture of flowers. I am quite an amateur in the business, and so had to be governed entirely by your "GUIDE" and the MAGAZINE. The packets of annual seed in nearly every instance gave a lovely account of themselves, and made my small flower garden gorgeous for over four months, notwithstanding the terrible drought we had in the early summer.

I made a circular bed about eight feet in diameter, forming the outer edge with bricks laid at an angle. In the center I put a rude pedestal and upon that a vase (or rather tub;); in the vase I placed a Canna tuber, and around the edges of some I planted three *Petunia grandifloras*, and three thrifty *Verbenas*, one of them the Beauty of Oxford. In the bed proper I bedded two dozen beautiful *Coleus* plants around the outer edge, and kept them well trimmed. Inside of these I sowed *Phlox Drummondii*, and at regular intervals around the bed I planted the *Gladiolus* bulbs which you sent me. The result was one of the most beautiful flower beds in our part of the city. No person ever passed without stopping to admire it. It was a grand success, although I was compelled to water it constantly for more than two months. I cannot close without mentioning VICK'S Japan Cockscomb—mine proved to be a whole flower bed in itself. For beauty and richness of color it stands without a rival. And the *Daturas*, although large coarse plants and flowers, they are marvelously beautiful. May success ever attend you.—W. B. C., *St. Joseph, Mo.*

THE GRASSES.

In your excellent chapters of "Botany for Little Folks," which every primary teacher in the country should know how to use, and every normal school should teach,—it is said, p. 366 of the Grasses, (Oats, Wheat, Corn, &c.,) that their flowers "have neither beauty of form nor of color." Yet how we value them and care for them. Wheat would disappear from the earth, but for our constant annual care; unfailing as the Vestal Virgin's preservation of fire. Among our human friends we all know some of plain features and manners, whom we prefer to the gay and showy ones, who are like gay flowers and butterflies, pleasant and good to look at only. The substantial and vital grasses need no external adornment to recommend them. The pretty flowers have but their beauty.

PLANT TREATMENT TO SUIT CLIMATE.

In a territory so large and having so great a variety of climates as that over which our *MAGAZINE* and other publications circulate, it is almost impossible to give specific directions for the culture of some plants that are applicable in all sections. In some of our Southern States seeds are sown in December that we could not safely put in the ground until spring, and in many parts of California nearly the whole planting is done in December and January. General directions, must, therefore, be modified and adapted to special localities by cultivators themselves. These statements are now made on the occasion of the perusal of a letter from E. E. REINKE of Jamaica, W. I., in which the writer says: "I ought to report to you how the Tulips and Hyacinth bulbs turned out that I brought with me, as an experiment, when I first came to Jamaica in 1873.

"I am sorry to have to state that not only those from your place, but also bulbs procured elsewhere, proved a total failure. I planted them immediately on my arrival, in May, 1873, under what seemed to be favorable conditions. Not one produced either a Hyacinth or Tulip spike, and most of my Gladioli also failed. A few put out spikes, but they made no new bulbs. The only Gladiolus that is naturalized here is the *Gandavensis*.

"The cause of this total failure I am unable to discover; I can only suppose it is connected with something in the atmosphere. I live in a delightful climate, 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, where the temperature all the year round averages 75°. It can't, I suppose, be owing to a peculiarity in the soil; for a friend of mine elsewhere and on different soil, who also lives in a cool climate, and is quite a florist, has made repeated attempts, with good Dutch bulbs, and the result was the same.

"Where I live the soil is red, and the Cape *Amaryllises* flower splendidly. I need hardly say that we have magnificent tropical plants of various sorts; but the bulbs have proved a total failure; why—at least for the first bloom, I should like to find out."

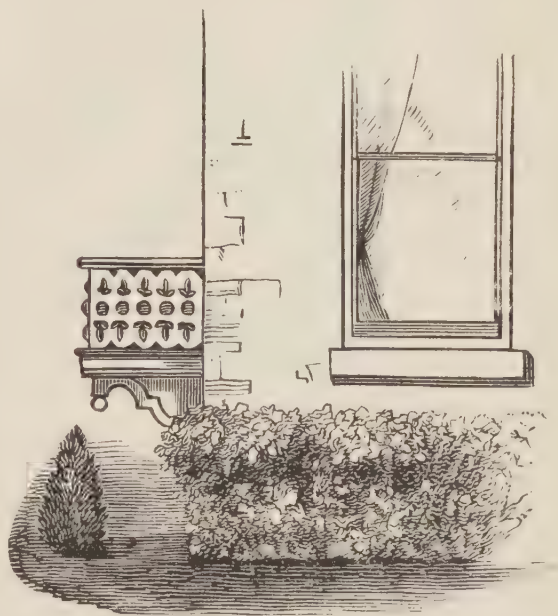
It is very evident that the cause of failure in this case was the drying up of the bulbs. With ordinary treatment Dutch bulbs cannot be kept out of the ground until the following spring, and then be of any value; either they will make an abortive attempt to grow, or the flower stem will perish, or they will become entirely dry and lifeless. Bulbs can be sent to the West Indies in autumn and then, if promptly and properly planted, good results should be expected. If possible the planting should not be delayed in a tropical climate later than the

middle of December, so that the bulbs shall have the benefit of the coolest season of the year to make roots, before commencing to make leaves.

As to the *Gladiolus*, it is very evident that there is no insuperable obstacle to its successful culture in the locality of our correspondent, for many of the finest varieties of *Gladiolus* are direct descendants of *Gandavensis*, which is said to be "naturalized" there. We have excellent reports of the *Gladiolus* from many parts of the South, where the mean annual temperature is as high as that mentioned, and expect yet to hear better results from the West Indies.

JAPAN AMPELOPSIS.

One of the prettiest uses to which the new Japan *Ampelopsis*, *A Veitchi*, is applied, is that of covering the bases or foundations of dwelling houses. For this purpose it is singularly well adapted, on account of its compact growth and dwarfish habit and the beauty of its foliage. As our readers are well aware, it will cover the



JAPAN AMPELOPSIS AT BASE OF HOUSE.

whole side of a house, or any other large space, if encouraged to do so, but not so quickly as the *Virginia Creeper*. The latter, with its robust habit, would be nearly unmanageable for the base of a house, for which use, as seen in our illustration, no plant could answer better than *A. Veitchi*, and we hope to see it extensively employed in this manner.

COLD.—The winter thus far has been pretty severe all over the country. A gentleman, a resident of Santa Fee, New Mexico, for twenty-six years, wrote to us the last of November, that that month was the most severe he had ever known, though but little snow. Ice was being stored nine inches in thickness.

A NATIVE SOUTHERN PLANT.

Among other things received from our friends last spring, was a good sized bulb that had been sent from the South. The bulb was potted and cared for during summer, and in November one day, when passing through one of the green-houses, some large white flowers attracted our attention. They proved to have been produced from the Southern bulb already mentioned, and the plant as it then appeared was nearly as shown in the annexed engraving. We found



CRINUM AMERICANUM.

on examination that this Southern visitor was *Crinum Americanum*, a common inhabitant of the river swamps of Florida, Alabama and other Southern parts. The leaves were long and strap-shaped and concave on the upper surface. A single upright scape bore an umbel of a few large flowers. These were pure white, six parted, with a long tube. The filaments and style were purple, producing a very fine effect in contrast with the white perianth. The flowers exhaled a pleasant and delicate odor. On the whole, we think it a charming flower, but probably not worthy the attention of cultivators generally, since there are so many other plants that will give greater results for the attention necessary to rear them.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—The engravings on pages two and three of this number we copy from an English Journal, *Gardening Illustrated*. The illustration of Park Water, we omitted to credit to *Robinson's Gardens and Parks of Paris*.

WRITE FOR THE MAGAZINE.

We are desirous that our readers shall communicate to us their experiences in all gardening operations. Our columns are open for their use to relate whatever is valuable and practical in regard to the cultivation of flowering and ornamental plants, garden and field vegetables, fruits and especially small fruits, and whatever they may notice of interest in our native plants, shrubs and trees, and in the improvement and adornment of grounds, and whatever pertains to rural art and taste. As in the past the MONTHLY has been a means of pleasant intercourse among those that are kindred by the same pursuits and taste, so in the future we trust it may not only continue, but prove of still greater service. Hoping to receive communications from all of our former contributors, as opportunity may favor, we shall expect to hear from many others who have heretofore been constant readers, but who have not, as yet, given either their mite or of their abundance. Let us all share in each others experiences and information. In giving, we shall find that we are always doubly blessed.

A SIMPLE FRAME.

A frame for pots of *Smilax* or other twining vines, quite firm, very neat, and that divides and diffuses the growth well, can be made in five minutes with three neat switches of willow, or three pieces of wire, of knitting needle size. They are merely stuck in, bent over and tied as shown. It is best to make one or two hoops of similar material to be inserted temporarily or permanently as a means of keeping the rods evenly apart at every part of the elevation. A similar arrangement is very useful for sustaining the stems of *Calla* when they have become long and



weak by growing up in insufficient light. I have a plant or stool of basket-willow, among other kinds, which I cut down to the surface every winter in order to have long clean wands for this and other purposes, such as tying up outdoor vines, &c. If it is desired to have the twigs white and free from bark, as seen in fine baskets, the bark is easily stripped off by first drawing the willows while green between two pieces of wood under pressure. After the bark is removed the willows may be dried under cover in free air and light. They can be easily stained or dyed of any desirable shade of color.
—W., Tyrone, Pa.

SOME OF OUR EXCHANGES.

It is a pleasure to notice the continued excellence of many papers and magazines in this country, that are devoted to rural arts or to scientific subjects closely pertaining to them.

The *Gardener's Monthly* of Philadelphia, by the ability of its veteran editor, THOMAS MEEHAN, bears its age with increasing honors. We welcome it for its mature wisdom, good taste and the ample scope of its supervision.

The *American Agriculturist* of New York, sustains well its own peculiar features. Its illustrations of almost everything relating to the farm and the garden are particularly valuable. Its descriptions of old and new plants every month by Dr. THURBER, are always good and instructive. Its agricultural and horticultural articles are timely, suggestive and reliable.

The *Country Gentleman* as it comes to us regularly week after week, bears on its face the impression of reliable honesty and wisdom that are only to be acquired by full years of patient thought and labor. Its correspondence is from experienced agriculturists. J. J. THOMAS, who for so many years has managed its horticultural department, continues to supply it from his own wealth of stores gleaned from field and orchard. This journal is particularly fortunate among other things, in having the assistance of Professor C. H. PECK upon botanical questions, and in regard to the parasitic fungi connected with or injurious to cultivated plants. The general editorship and publication of this journal in the hands of the TUCKERS, as from its commencement, assures its valuable character.

The *Rural New Yorker* is doing some excellent work, and making for itself a good reputation. We regard it as a valuable agricultural and family paper, and always welcome it to our table.

Standing in the front rank of rural journals are also, the *Ohio Farmer*, the *Michigan Farmer*, the *American Cultivator*, of Boston; the *Western Rural*, and the *Prairie Farmer*, both of Chicago; *Colman's Rural World* and the *Journal of Agriculture and Farmer*, both of St. Louis. These all richly deserve the patronage and popularity they have well earned and each should have a good support, especially in its own section. There are other journals and magazines published in different parts of the country and devoted to the welfare and progress of rural arts which we have not now space to mention. The agricultural departments in the *New York Weekly Tribune* and the *Germantown Telegraph* of Philadelphia, are particularly deserving of notice for their variety and general reliability.

In this connection we mention with pleasure the *Botanical Gazette*, published at Crawfordsville, Ind. Botanists everywhere should encourage it and contribute to it.

The *Bulletin* of the Torrey Botanical Club, is continually disseminating the latest information and investigations of the members of the club, and of botanists in various parts of the country.

The *American Journal of Microscopy* of New York is ably conducted, and doing much to encourage original investigations with the microscope and bringing out truths new and old that affect more or less remotely every plant cultivator.

The *Popular Science Monthly* published by the APPLETONS of New York, is always overflowing with the best current scientific literature, and frequently contains articles of great value to all interested either theoretically or practically in plant-life. It is a faithful herald to the public of the advances of science.

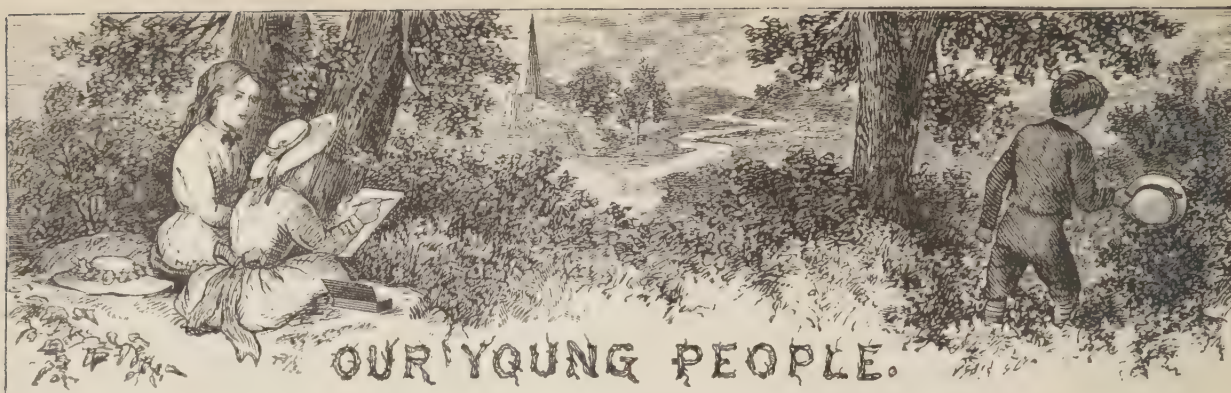
The *California Horticulturist* of San Francisco, closed its career with the last number of the past year. Under the editorship of CHARLES H. SHINN, it had become an excellent journal and the readers of the *Bulletin* are to be congratulated that his valuable services have been secured on the editorial staff of that paper. The interests of the *California Horticulturist* have been merged in those of the *Pacific Rural Press* and we trust it will be an advantage to all parties concerned.

The *American Entomologist*, to which attention has been favorably called in these columns, has closed with the old year, and its subscription list and good will has been transferred to the *American Naturalist* of Philadelphia, which will henceforth have a department of Entomology, thus enhancing its claims to the support both of practical persons and scientists. We are assured that the ability displayed by the *Entomologist* will be manifested as fully in the *American Naturalist*.

The *California Farmer* continues to perform its able mission among the rural residents of the Pacific States. We have only good wishes for its continued success and increasing usefulness.

SCIENTIFIC AGRICULTURE.

One day this week our village school-master, examining a reading class, asked the head of the class, "What is artificial manure?" "Don't know," said he, and the same reply was given by four other boys; but a precocious youngster, not yet in his teens, was equal to the occasion, and said, "Please, sir, it's the stuff they grow artificial flowers in."—G. O. S.



OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE TRAVELER'S TREE.

The flowers and plants and trees that we everywhere find about us abound in interest. Some of them have qualities or habits that always invite one's attention, while others require closer investigation to exhibit their beauty or value. Even when winter reigns, and nature appears desolate, the boy never quite forgets the luscious cherries, the rosy cheeked apples, or the tasty nuts as he sees the naked branches of these favorite trees of his in the garden, the orchard, the field or the forest. How the thrifty farmer feasts his eyes on his growing and maturing crops that tell him of reward for days and months of toil and care!

In every zone and climate some kinds of vegetation peculiar to that part of the earth predominate. At the far north, Lichens and Mosses become of special importance; and at the south, the Cotton fields in one part, the Sugar plantations in another, while the Rice swamps, the Orange groves, the Cinchona forests, the Tea fields represent the plants that in their respective regions are of the greatest value.

The great island of Madagascar is wonderfully rich in vegetation, and abounds with useful plants; in certain districts a very remarkable tree is found that is now known as the Traveler's Tree. Descriptions of this tree have been given by visitors and travelers in that country, and in some of the large collections of plants in Europe the tree is now grown under glass, so that its habits are becoming well known. The botanical name of this tree is *Ravenala Madagascariensis*, and it belongs to the same family of plants as the Banana, the *Musaceæ*. ELLIS, a missionary at Madagascar, wrote a great deal about the island and gave a very interesting description of this tree. He says: "The extent to which it prevails may be inferred from the native name, 'ravinala,' by which it was designated by SONNORAT, its discoverer. Ravinala is, literally, 'leaf of the forest,' as if it was the leaf by which the forest was characterised, which is the fact where it abounds, though in many parts it is not met with

at all. The tree rises from the ground with a thick, succulent stem, like that of the Plantain, or the larger species of *Strelitzia*, to both of which it bears a strong resemblance. It sends out, from the center of the stem, long broad leaves like those of the Plantain, only less fragile, and rising, not round the stalk, but in two lines on opposite sides, so that, as the leaves increase, and the lower ones droop at the end or extend horizontally, the tree presents the appearance of a large open fan.

"I frequently counted from twenty to twenty-four leaves on a single tree, the stalk of each leaf being six or eight feet long, and the broad leaf itself four or six feet more.

"The whole of these twenty-four bright green, gigantic leaves, spread out like a fan at the top of a trunk thirty feet high, presented a spectacle as impressive as it was to me rare and beautiful; and in this part of the country they were the most conspicuous objects for miles together, and were it not that these vast, bright green, shining leaves are slit on each side by the winds, and so flutter in smaller portions with the passing breeze, the prevalence of this tree would impart a degree of almost inconceivable magnificence to the vegetation of the country."

The most remarkable thing about this tree and that for which it is most celebrated, is that it contains at all times a large quantity of pure fresh water that may be easily procured by the traveler. The water is held at the base of the leaf stalk, which it is only necessary to pierce and the water gushes forth.

Last year a remarkably interesting book was issued in London, called "The Great African Island;" it was written by the Rev. JAMES SIBREE, who, like Mr. ELLIS, already referred to, has been a missionary a number of years in Madagascar. In this book the Traveler's Tree is very fully described, and it is said that on the plains it averages from fifteen to twenty feet in height from the ground to the leaves, but in the forest where it is closely surrounded by other vegetation, it shoots up to a height of eighty or ninety feet. "The trunk is from twelve to



A GROUP OF TRAVELER'S TREES.

eighteen inches in diameter; but it is of a soft, springy texture, and not of much service as timber."

Mr. SIBREE further says: "In proceeding along the coast we had an opportunity of testing the accuracy of the accounts given of the water procurable from the Traveler's Tree, about which I had always felt rather sceptical, as somewhat of a 'traveler's tale.' In fact, I had never before seen the tree where plenty of good water was not procurable; but here there was none for several miles except the stagnant water of the lagoons. We found that on piercing with a spear or pointed stick the lower part of one of the leaf-stalks, where they all clasp one over the other, a small stream of water spurted out, from which one could drink to the full of good sweet water. If one of the leaf-stalks was forcibly drawn down, a quantity of water gushed out, so that we afterwards readily filled a large cup with as much as we needed. On examining a section of one of the stalks, a hollow channel about a quarter of an inch in diameter is seen running all down the inner side of the stalk from the base of the leaf. This appears to collect the water condensed from the atmosphere by the large cool surface of the leaf, and conducts it downwards. The leaf-stalks are all full of cells like those of the Banana. After three hours' walking along the shore in the heavy sand, with a hot sun overhead, we were glad to draw from these numberless vegetable springs, and thanked the giver of these

living fountains in that thirsty land. We afterwards found that in some villages the people supply themselves constantly from this source.

But a supply of water is only one of the many benefits the coast tribes derive from this beautiful tree. All along the east coast the houses are made of a slight framework, and filled in with the mid-rib of the leaf of the Travelers' Tree. The leaf-stalks are fixed together on long fine twigs, so as to make a kind of stiff mat. One of these forms the door on either side of the house, being shifted backwards and forwards, and kept from falling by sliding within a light pole hung from the frame work. The flooring, which is always raised above the ground, is made of the bark of the Traveler's Tree, pressed flat so as to form a rough kind of boarding. And the thatch of every house is the leaf of the same tree, which forms a very neat as well as durable covering. The Traveler's Tree might therefore, with equal or greater propriety, be called 'the builders' tree.' The green leaves also are the ordinary plates and dishes of the coast people."

How proper it appears that this tree should grow in a very warm country. It really looks like a fine example of the survival of the fittest. No doubt the inhabitants favor and guard it.

In this connection we call to mind the Cow-tree, that furnishes a supply of milk to the inhabitants where it grows, and, perhaps, some other time may have something to say about that useful tree.

ANNIE'S GARDEN.

About two months ago I wrote you about my Melon Patch and ANNIE'S Garden, and I intended in a day or two to write more about ANNIE'S flowers. I told her I would, but I hadn't much time only Saturdays, and there were lots of Chestnuts and fine Hickory Nuts and Butternuts this season, and of course I had to get some. If father should know about this he would talk about good resolutions and broken promises, I know; but boys can't do everything, and when you promise it seems easy, but when you have to do, it is pretty hard sometimes.

I was glad when my garden was over. I kept it pretty good because I knew everybody was talking about it, and watching, so I kept the hoe at work pretty lively, and made some blisters on my hands. It did seem as if the weeds would never stop growing; and sometimes I felt discouraged as I rested, and look at the little that was done and the lot that was left to do.

I don't see why Melons and Strawberries and Flowers can't grow alone when we want them, and why weeds will come when we don't want them. Ma says weeds are like bad habits. They are good for nothing and hurtful, and



JAMES AT WORK.

grow if we will let them, and when once started are bad to root out, while fruits and flowers are like good habits, needing care and culture and watching, and lots of enemies are around trying to destroy them, just as the bugs and weeds tried to destroy my Melons, and would have succeeded if I hadn't pitched in lively, and Siss hadn't helped me. But she didn't know about that, and I got tired enough and hot as pepper trying to kill weeds and bugs.

Grandma says, Pa was a very industrious boy, (but I don't know whether he had a Melon patch, and if he did I guess he got tired too) and that whatever he did he did well, and that

if we are not good industrious boys it is not likely we will make good, industrious, prosperous men. But she was never a boy and played ball, and climbed chestnut trees, and had lots of fun.

People always praise girls, and I guess they like it; but don't boys like it too? I heard them say JAMES has done pretty well with his



ANNIE AT PLAY.

garden, much better than I expected, I shouldn't be surprised if he really grew some Melons after all; but they say of ANNIE, what a nice industrious girl she is, and so much taste, everything so nicely arranged in her garden, such a beautiful combination of colors, and not a weed to be seen. I have a cousin EVA, and she is a nice girl too, and paints pictures on plates, and everything, and one night she brought us two pictures of our garden just as she saw us at work; only I didn't happen to be at work very hard just then. Everybody praised my Melons when they were ripe and eat them too, and Pa said he must pay me for them, and gave me a book "Self Helps," by Dr. SMYLES.—JAMES.

THE FAIRIES VISIT CASTLE-IN-THE-AIR.

Silvereen would have found herself very lonely in the absence of her friend had there not been many duties needing her daily attention. There were continually new sets of Rosebuds and young birds coming on that thought they couldn't open their petals or their eyes without her assistance. And every new Rosebranch must have its thorns sharpened like the others; and each newly-matured chrysalis must have its precious bit of throbbing, winged life set free.

Finally came a short respite from duty; and she felt a great, hungry longing in her heart to see Goldinore once more. As she lay awake one morning thinking about it, she suddenly decided that the visit to the Castle-in-the-Air should be made that very day. So hastily summing Red Spider through her speaking trumpet, she bade him go at once and invite Gold-

inore to breakfast with her, and tell her to come robed in her loveliest attire for the long-promised visit. Red Spider at once became anxious:

"Did you know," said he, "that that enchanted piece of architecture is considered rather unstable? Had you better go?"

"O, there can be no danger; hundreds of persons are going all the time."

"True," rejoined he, "but how do they get back? You never hear them speak of their return trip."

"Why, of course, they return the same way they went—how else could they? Don't let's discuss the matter; there can be no harm in going. Moreover, I have promised Goldinore this trip. You'll please take her my message."

In a little time thereafter the two were seated at breakfast; but so much had they to talk about that they scarcely knew then, and never knew after of what the repast consisted, greatly to the disgust of Red Spider, who had elaborated the meal more than usual, adding a bill of fare on rose petals which was quite unnoticed. He shook his head ominously, feeling sure that they were in a fit condition to become infatuated with the novel experience before them. As they started he begged them to take a long rest when they had reached the summit of the Mount.

"What Mount does he refer to?" inquired Goldinore.

"It is called by different names—Mount Chimera and Mount Vagaries. There is a tradition that people who frequent this Mount fall into habits of dreamy idleness, and their lives become useless. We'll not stop long."

"Is the ascent difficult?"

"O, no; it is an easy zig-zag course; going first one way, then the other, until you scarcely realize that you are ascending at all."

In a few minutes more they found themselves in a sort of Arcadia and surrounded by every accessory for luxurious repose; and great was Goldinore's surprise to learn that they were already on the Mount.

"So easily do we find ourselves here when once we start in this direction;" explained Silvereen.

They observed all about them some very extraordinary vegetable growths. The insect world, too, seemed affected. Rose bushes were bearing Blackberries; Blackberry briars, Thorn Apples; the Thorn Apple, Thistle blossoms; or they had tried one of these crops and changed to another so that one could never know what to depend on.

The Spiders were tired of spinning webs and had changed places with the Crickets, but the latter were making no headway for lack of raw

material. The Katydids had ceased to care whether Katy really "did" or "didn't," and were learning a new chant. Everything seemed to be uncertain and unsettled.

They finally noticed several elevations that looked like graves. Upon inquiry they learned that a few deluded mortals who had hoped to discover perpetual motion, and a few others seeking an Eldorado had lived mostly on this Mount, and had finally died and had been buried here. As the fairies noted all this, their own natures seemed to become unconsciously infected; and they began to recount all they had heard of the good old times when fairies had their magic rings in the grasses of pleasant meadows and ferny dells, where they could revel all night unmolested, so that they were safely at home by cock-crow.

A wicked little Syren who had been listening, now drew near, and assured them in silvery tones that they should find all as they desired when they had reached the Castle. Then binding upon their ankles a pair of rosy wings she bade them look upward; and lo! away at the top of a long spiral stairway gleamed the Airy Castle. They immediately commenced ascending and felt themselves almost lifted upward. Goldinore declared it was the wings, but Silvereen felt so light-headed she feared some important ballast had been left behind, and that this was the cause.

By this time they were entering the wide-open arch-way of the Castle. They thought it very ethereal in appearance. Its vast corridors, arcades and saloons seemed constructed of a kind of mist which, having caught and held the prismatic colors, was then transfixed in the hands of the genii builders. Over all these hovered a shimmering haze, sheeny and silvery in the sunlight. The fairies assured each other that no temple in Fairy Land was ever so beautiful.

They found the whole interior teeming with a host of boys and girls, youths and misses, young men and maidens, and a few of middle age. They all seemed exhilarated with the delight of being about to realize their highest wishes. The fairies were at once interested in some boys who came rushing to them, all shouting at once:

"I don't have to saw wood and get kindlings, and do chores, never any more. I am going to drive an omnibus. Hurrah for me!"

"I don't have to carry coal and build fires, and do errands. I am going to be a railroad conductor. Clear the track there!"

"I don't have to plow and husk corn, and feed stock. I'm going to be a sea-captain. Who wants a trip to China?"

"I don't have to work, but I'm tired of poking around home; and I'm going to be one of Oliver Optic's boys, and go all over the world, and do the grandest things you ever heard of. Good bye everybody!"

"I don't have to go to school any more, and can do just what I please. O, jolly!"

(Here the fairies recognized the same boy they saw in Dreamland, who was not ready for a new mother at Christmas.)

Next, a lot of younger voices piped out:—

"I'm going to have a real pony, that's not no hobby horse, now I tell you. Gee up there!"

"I'm to have a big watch—a real ticker—that's got insides to it. Want to know time o' day?"

"I'm to have a pistol—a real shooter, the kind that kills bears. Pop! bang! Who's dead?"

The fairies next observed a troop of misses looking animated and rather exultant as they talked excitedly to each other. They could catch parts of sentences now and then—enough to indicate what absorbed their interest.

"— tall enough this good while to have worn long dresses; and now trails have gone out: bother!"

"— plenty old enough to go driving with gentlemen, but mamma——"

"I could bring my mamma around, but papa ——"

"My papa goes poking around with me whenever I go out at night, so that Fred never ——"

"— no leisure; that everlasting thrum, thrum—one, two, three, four ——"

"I've ended that; and secured a few stunning pieces that I can dash off whenever ——"

"— just adore late parties and round dances; and at last ——"

The fairies marvelled as they thought of what a state these girls must have been in but recently, to show so much feeling at the prospect of a change.

But their attention was now arrested by seeing some young men strolling near them, by twos—arm-in-arm—sporting very fragile rattans, showy watch chains and seal rings. Snatches, of conversation revealed that they also were about to realize long cherished hopes.

"Yes," said one; "the governor used to want to set me up in business, and all that; knew there was no need of my living such a dog's life as he did—plenty of 'rocks,' you know."

"Well, aw had no 'expectations'—was bawn with gentlemanly instincts—deuced vulgal to labor—got most tired waiting for something to turn up—awful lot of debts."

"—— fact is I was sick of the farm—old man pretty hard on a fellow—so I stepped out. Been waiting for a genteel opening for quite a while."

Just then a bevy of young ladies appeared. They were buoyant and radiant with happiness. The acme of their most ambitious desires had been reached. One was to become noted in dramatic art and have the world at her feet. One, a reigning belle in metropolitan and sea-side circles. Another was to marry untold wealth; and still another had secured a title and a foreign home.

As the fairies listened they were seized with a desire to make immediate change in their mode of life, and began to covet a beautiful grotto, whose arched roof should be supported by its own crystalline stalagmites, and its walls brilliant with gleaming stalactites; a place where never bug or bee nor any creeping or flying thing should enter. Even birds and flowers they could do without unless ——, but what—O, what was that?

A trumpet blast of fearful volume seemed to crash throughout the castle. Instant silence overspread the babbling multitude. Standing within one of the distant archways the fairies saw two figures of contrasting exterior. One was old and bent, and looked weird and sepulchral. He bore in one hand an hour-glass and in the other a scythe. He shook his hour-glass fiercely at them, and in terrible tones declared "I wait for no man!" Then brandishing his long scythe right and left he shouted, "I cut down all, both great and small!"

The fairies were so terrified they would have screamed and fled, but for a spell that bound them silent and motionless. Thus held they could not help observing that the other figure was a comely looking man of stalwart proportions and regal bearing. His right arm was extended toward them and in his left hand was the terrible trumpet. On his head was a crown made luminous by dancing tongues of lambent flame that continually traced the figures' 1881. His noble countenance looked wistful and serious as he exclaimed: "O my people, why dally ye here? Know ye not that this is the Temple of Folly, whose very foundations are naught but false hopes and empty dreams? Even as I speak it totters to its fall!" Then raising his voice—"Turn to your duties! Work! Work while it is day—for the night cometh when no man can work! But ah, too late!"

On the instant the fairies felt the whole fabric swaying to and fro, and the next it seemed to be dissolving in air, and they found themselves and companions falling swiftly downward. A flashing thought recalled the mount whose rest-

ful heights might now receive them. But no; that too was disappearing in vapor; and on, on, still on they went, till breathless and well-nigh bereft of sense they came in contact with something solid enough to stay their flight. They were too stunned to know that they were lying amid the cool grasses of the firm earth once more. But by-and-by Goldinore rallied enough to raise her head a little way and feebly inquire where they were. A faint voice, but very decided, returned answer, "At home, where we belong." Directly she wearily moaned out, "It was all about work, wasn't it?" and the other retorted "Yes, and this is our punishment."

As the evening drew near, the good Red Spider became anxious about his mistress and went out to see if they were coming. But he only saw a lot of frightened Beetles, Grasshoppers and Crickets huddled up together who squeaked out at him "Look behind the bower! Look behind the bower!" And there forthwith he went, and prone upon the earth still lay the fairies. He inquired to know what had befallen them; but there was no response. Discerning that they were conscious he anxiously asked Silvereen how she had returned; but still no answer. So he spent no more precious time in fruitless questions, but hastened to prepare restoratives and get his mistress and her friend into more suitable quarters. When he was gone, the Buttercups, marshalled around on the sward, nodded and winked at each other as they whispered, "Used to spend all her time on the Rose-buds. Perhaps she'll look at us after this."

The rest of the crowd from the Castle were in a great tumult. There was a boy looking for his wood pile; another his coal-hod; one was going to his plow, and another to his school books and his mother. They had been saying to each other, "It's work, is it? well then we'll work:" while some added, "Well off and didn't know it!"

Then there was a parcel of young girls who had just had about eleven-teen hundred thousand silly kinks taken out of their giddy heads; and it was possible—if they had not wasted too much time—that they might yet make ordinarily sensible women.

There was a group, too, of young men who were collecting their scattered senses, though there was one who had never had any to scatter. After he had been assured that he was neither killed nor hurt he had managed to drawl out, "That's a deuced disagweable way that old chap has of shaking his hour glass at a fellah; aw weally couldn't apply all that to myself you know."

But one of the group was already turning his face toward his father's broad acres. Another was going to apply himself to business, and depend on nobody's money, and already felt a new manhood springing within him.

There were some young ladies too, who, though terribly dejected for a time, were to become the joy and delight of brothers and sisters—the cheer and comfort of happy parents, with ever a thought and a word to spare for their less fortunate fellow beings.

Some of the little youngsters had all the starch taken out of them by their fright, and cried for their mothers. Some of the candidates for live ponies and ticking watches told each other that their papas had said they could not have them until they were old enough to take proper care of themselves—and that now they were going to wait. Said one—"O, I was awful scared up there. What did those fellows want anyway?"

"O, one of 'em had a lot of harvest to cut and said he couldn't wait; and the other told 'em to work—which meant they were to use the scythe and not ride around on reaping machines. He was Gabriel with his trump. I've heard about him at Sabbath School."

THE MAIDEN'S WISH.

"What will the New Year bring to me?"
Say's a gentle maiden fair to see,
As wand'ring through her garden walks,
She sometimes sings and sighs and talks.

"What should I wish for? O, New Year!"
For thoughts as pure as snow drops fair.
A spirit meek, and words so kind
They'll leave a sweet perfume behind—
Like thine, my modest Violet,
With gentle dew from Heaven wet.

"What should I wish for? O, New Year!"
That perfect love that casts out fear;
It ne'er is hidden where it dwells,
But comes to view, like waxen bells
Of Hyacinth, which close enshrined
Will swell to beauty most refined.

TOBACCO TREE.

JOS. F. JAMES, of Cincinnati, who has resided some time in Southern California, says that *Nicotiana glauca* grows very plentifully in Los Angeles. It is described as a small tree with large leaves that are very smooth and glaucous. The branches are of a light green color. The tubular flowers are borne in small clusters and appear nearly all the year through. It grows most plentifully on the banks of zanjas either in cultivated or in waste grounds. There is no evidence that this plant is a native of California, but it has doubtless been introduced there and has escaped from cultivation. Its native country is Brazil.

THE PLEASURE AND PAIN.

There is no pursuit, we suppose, that is all pleasure, and surely the culture of flowers is as free from pain as any pursuit can be. And yet, like our lives, it is a constant struggle for the triumph of the beautiful and good over the ugly and evil. Weeds will grow and choke our beautiful flowers unless we watch and work. Insects will devour our choicest treasure, unless we exercise unceasing vigilance. Friends will be thoughtless and pick heedlessly our only specimen, for which we had waited and watched the whole season. They will trouble us for slips and seeds and roots, when we can ill afford the time, and which we know might as well be thrown in the street, for they will receive no care. This is, of course, annoying, but we would remind our troubled correspondents that this brings no heart-pain, no real sorrow, only a little temporary annoyance that, perhaps, is for our good.

WESTERN N. Y. HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

This Society is one of the most flourishing in the country, and its meetings are largely attended by the most intelligent and experienced Horticulturists of Western New York, and often by many from the eastern portion of this State, as well as from other States. It is well worth attending, to see and take by the hand many of the choice men of the country. The Society has been in existence twenty-six years, and its next annual meeting will be held on the 26th day of January, at the City Hall, Rochester. The subjects advertised for discussion are numerous and important, and we anticipate a feast of good things.

PREMIUMS.

Some of our friends have suggested that we offer premiums for obtaining subscribers. As a slight compensation to those who labor among their neighbors in getting up clubs, we propose to give one of our FLORAL CHROMOS, on paper, to every one who sends us a club of *Five Subscribers*; and for *Twelve Subscribers* one of our CHROMOS ON CLOTH AND STRETCHER, both sent postage free. To any person sending us *Twenty Subscribers* we will forward by express, expressage paid by us, one of our FLORAL CHROMOS NICELY FRAMED IN WALNUT AND GILT. All to be at club rates—\$1 each.

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